OCTOBER GRAPHIC SURVEY

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THE LIGHT OF EDISON'S LAMP

When Husband Leaves Home—*Mary McChristie*

Prohibition and Chicago

By Jane Addams

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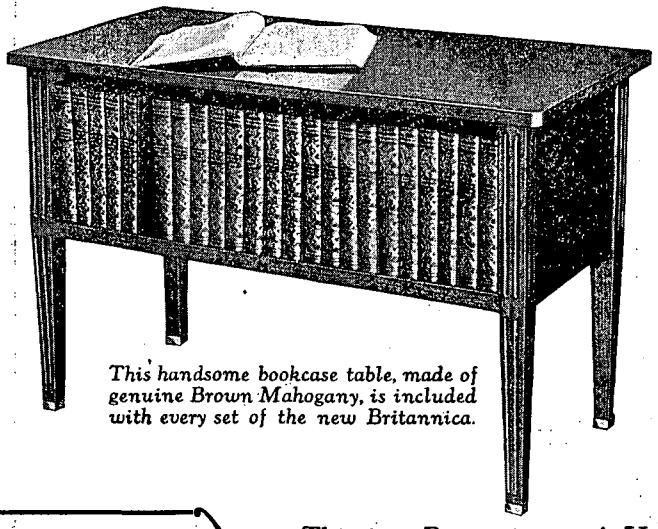

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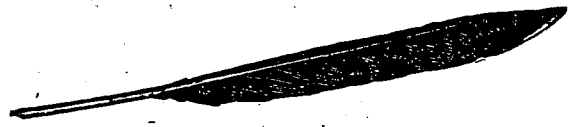

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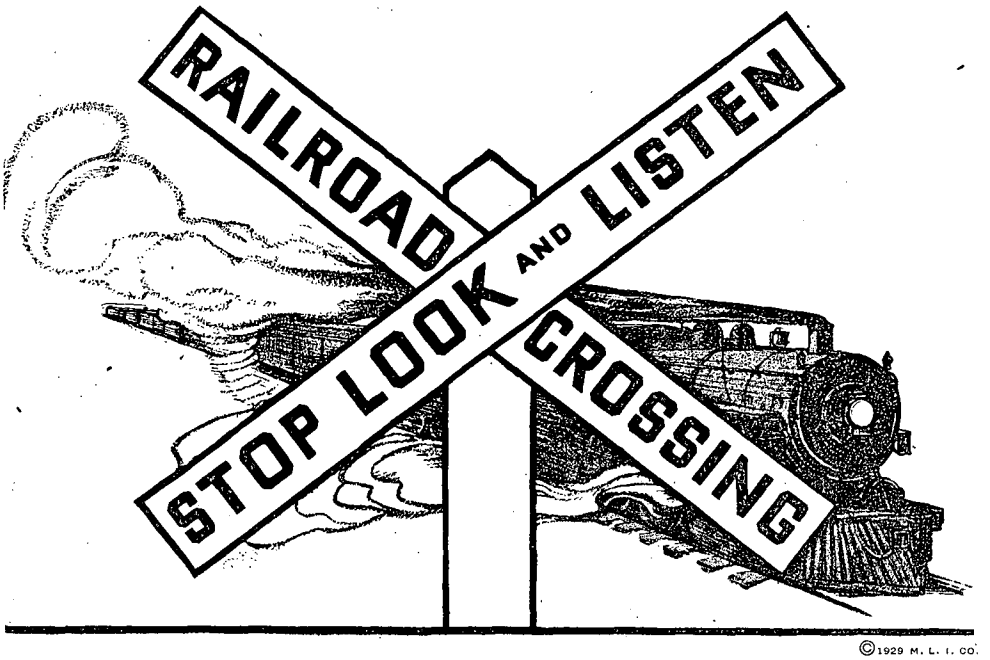

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THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country; more than 93% of them are unprotected.

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Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LXIII, No. 1 October 1, 1929

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The Gist of It

SURELY the United States has no experiment of wider interest to the world as well as its own people, than national prohibition; and no citizen whose experience and opinion command more universal respect than those of Jane Addams. On page 5, Miss Addams tells her own story of this experiment as she and her Chicago neighborhood have known it in the last ten years. This article is the first of several chapters from a forthcoming book on the second twenty years of Hull House. The drawings by Norah Hamilton of the hospitable doorways of the well-loved house in Halsted Street are taken from Twenty Years at Hull House (MacMillan, 1910) while that of the Maxwell Street Market by William Jacobs will form a chapter heading in the new volume, which will be issued by the same publishers during the coming season.

POSSIBLY an observer from Mars will notice an unusual luminosity of this picayune planet on October 21, when celebrations far and wide will mark the semi-centennial of the Edison lamp. But the story of that lamp goes far beyond the achievment of more and better light. Its ramifications through the whole reach of our modern ways is told by Waldemar Kaempffert, formerly editor of Popular Science Monthly and science editor of the New York Times, now director of the Rosenwald Industrial Museum in Chicago and a frequent contributor to scientific journals in this country and in Europe. See page 13.

READERS of the Giant Power issue of Survey Graphic (March 1, 1924) will recall the lively account by Martha Bensley Bruère of the hydro's humanizing march through Ontario. Here (page 17) Mrs. Bruère explores with word and brush some of the dark corners in family homes and family budgets still shadowed from beneficent electrical beams. Mrs. Bruère was formerly an associate editor of Survey Graphic and has maintained at least the graphic part of that connection through her "scissors pictures" frequently reproduced in its pages.

FROM the referee's chair in the Cincinnati court of domestic relations Mary Edna McChristie hears the unhappy, though sometimes humorous, stories of marriages which are in danger of going on the rocks or already are split beyond all hope of friendly salvage. That Blamed Old Fool is the first of several stories which Miss McChristie is writing for Survey Graphic, each exemplifying, in true and intimate detail, one of the major causes of domestic infelicity as they were disclosed in an analysis of 600 consecutive cases handled by the division of domestic relations during a two-year period. This blamed old fool was Pa, a reckless romantic at sixty-five . . . but read his fate yourself, page 21. Miss McChristie's promise for further glimpses behind the scenes include stories of the devastating roles of mannerisms and mother-in-laws.

WHAT lies at stake in the strife in Palestine is told on page 24 by John Haynes Holmes, minister of The Community Church of New York, editor of Unity, and author of many books on socio-religious subjects. Dr. Holmes has recently returned from Palestine and has interrupted his work on a book on that country to give Survey readers this first-hand view of its present troubles.

ELEANORE RAYMOND is the pen name of a mother of children in their 'teens, and Undertow (page 30) a true account of the perplexing cross-tides that complicate and enliven the perplexities of present-day parents.

IN New Captains and Old Dreams (page 32) Donald R. Richberg brings to a close the series of chapters in which he has been outlining for Survey readers the fears and hopes and victories of twenty-five years of liberalism through and beyond the law.

WHY China is—and may continue to be—a menace to the international applecart is told in terms of the present Russo-Chinese crisis by Nathaniel Peffer, a frequent contributor to the magazines on international topics, especially the Far East, who recently passed through the territory which is now making front-page headlines. Page 36.

ALREADY the dust and mosquitoes of vacation-days are fading behind the kindly haze of forgetfulness, and there remains the memory of spacious green places and quiet sun. Such scenes are crystallized in the group of New England etchings by Childe Hassam, reproduced on pages 27, 28 and 29 through the courtesy of the Kleeman-Thorman Galleries, New York City.

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

OCTOBER 1, 1929

Volume LXIII
No. 1

A Decade of Prohibition

By JANE ADDAMS

Illustrations by Norah Hamilton and William Jacobs

A NEIGHBORHOOD such as ours affords an epitome of the results of general unenforcement of the prohibition regulations in Chicago, as in other American cities. Very interesting experiences in the last ten years at Hull House center about the Eighteenth Amendment. Our neighborhood has sheltered the bootlegger in his earliest activities, witnessing his rapid rise into power. It knew the adventurous hi-jacker and can trace the humble origin of the political liquor rings. It was filled with pride when Diamond Joe entertained the United States Senator.

Previous to 1919 the neighborhood was largely composed of southern Europeans, with whom excessive drinking has not been habitual. The Italian saloon, as it was somewhat incorrectly called, was used largely as a legitimate club, as were the Greek drinking houses, frequented by men who had immigrated in great numbers without their families. Such places sold much more wine than hard liquor, and are continued, so far as their social utility is concerned, as Italian *trattoria* and Greek coffee houses. The regular corner saloons were largely patronized by the Irish and other Americanized immigrants. Some of these saloons, notably one opposite Hull House on Polk Street, had no crime and disorder ever connected with them, although others in the neighborhood were notorious centers of dubious activity. Most of the saloons had no seats and the patrons were not allowed to loaf. One square mile on our side of the city numbered four hundred saloons. The boss of our ward controlled numerous saloons in the ward and owned two saloons down town. His control was partly established by lending money to the saloon keepers and by securing them special patronage because he made these saloons the base of his political operation. He distributed favors from them and all the appointments with himself or his henchman were made in saloons. The entertainments given by the politician to his constituents and his friends in halls of various sizes and degrees of elegance, largely depended for their success upon the amount of liquor which was distributed.

In the winter of 1911 the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago made a very careful investigation of the 328 public dance halls then open in the city, and found that 86,000 people frequented them on a Saturday evening, of whom the majority were boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen and girls between fourteen and sixteen—the very ages at which pleasure is most eagerly demanded as the prerogative of youth. One condition they found to be general; most of the dance halls existed for the sale of liquor and dancing was of secondary importance. At the halls where liquor was sold, by 12 o'clock practically all of the boys, who in many halls outnumbered the girls, showed signs of intoxication.

Peculiar dangers were to be found in connection with masquerade and fancy dress balls where the masks encourage undue license, and where the prizes awarded for the best costumes

Forty years ago this fall Miss Addams and her early associates took up their residence on Halsted Street. In the decades since, we have all come to look to Hull House as a coign of vantage from which has issued some of our most searching interpretations of American life. "Twenty Years at Hull House" evaluated the epoch of settlement pioneering. Now Miss Addams is scanning the Second Twenty Years and the Survey Graphic is fortunate in sharing with its readers advance chapters.

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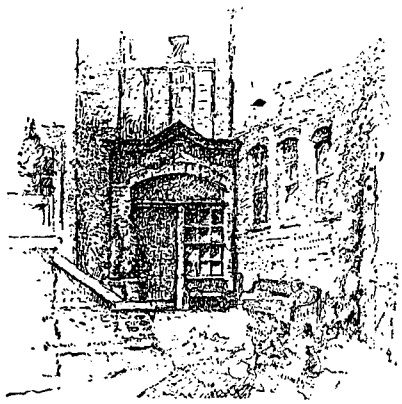
were usually a barrel of beer to the best group of men, a dozen bottles of wine to the best group of girls, and a quart of whiskey for a single character. At one hall it was found that a cash prize of one hundred dollars had been offered to the girl who at the end of the month had the largest number of drinks placed to her credit. As the owner of the hall lived and thrived by the sale of liquor, the dances were short—four to five minutes; the intermissions were long—fifteen to twenty minutes; thus giving ample opportunity for drinking. There was but little ventilation; in some cases the windows were boarded up, apparently on the theory that the hotter it was the more thirst would be superinduced and the more liquor would be sold. They secured a special bar permit for which they paid six dollars each time. This permit allowed the sale of liquor from three o'clock in the afternoon until three o'clock the next morning, while under the city ordinances saloons were obliged to close at one o'clock. Because of this regulation, the patrons of the local saloons swarmed into the dance halls at midnight, paying of course an entrance fee and freely buying drinks. It was between these hours that the conduct became most obnoxious and that the dangers for young people were most apparent.



A Hull House court yard

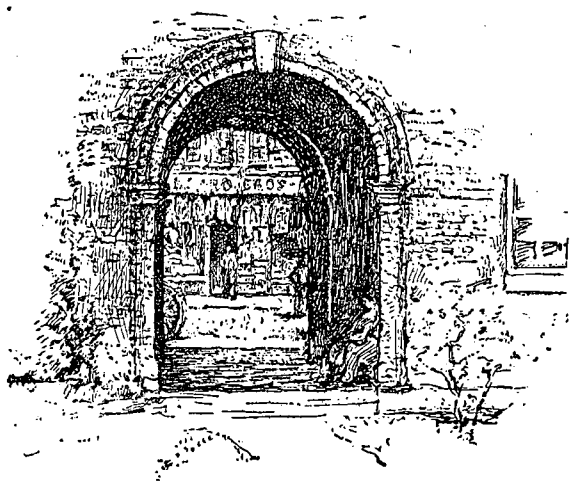
The carelessness of the city toward such social conditions was the more astounding in that we all know that public dance halls offered then as now the only opportunity open to thousands of young men for meeting the girls whom they will later marry. Nature, always anxious that human beings shall reveal themselves to each other, at no time makes the impulse so imperative as at that period when youth is dreaming of love and marriage. The imaginative powers, the sense that life possesses variety and color, are realized most easily in moments of pleasure and comradeship, and it is then that individual differences and variations are disclosed. All day long the young people work in factories where every effort is made that they should conform to a common standard; as they walk upon the streets they make painful exertions to appear in the prevailing mode of dress and to keep conventions. Only in moments of recreation does their sense of individuality expand; they are then able to reveal, as at no other time, that hidden self which is so important to each of us.

The owners of the dance halls were themselves sometimes touched by the helplessness of these young people who came to them in such numbers, and asked for help. In turn, the Juvenile Protective Association, at the request of individual dance halls, appointed social workers who with the aid of specially designated policemen endeavored to watch conditions in the halls. Not until after prohibition was established in 1919, however, was it possible to do this for all the public dance halls within the city-wide association of dance halls. Every boy and man who pays an entrance fee is examined by an officer for a flask; if a flask is found, it is taken away from him and in his presence the contents are poured down the sewer. At one of the large dance halls a few months ago, in one evening, out of forty-five hundred people examined, only three were found carrying flasks. Such a regulation of course would have been impossible unless the sale of liquor had been made illegal. The entire dance hall situation has been affected by it. Since there is no profit to be made from selling liquor, most of the public dances conducted by private organizations have been discontinued, public dancing is more and more conducted in large halls by professional dance-hall promoters.

ONE of the worst features of the pre-prohibition dance halls was drunkenness among the patrons, men and girls, who left the festivities late at night and whose condition was utilized by "runners" for houses of assignation. In many cases the men on the dance floor itself were procurers who had as far as possible placed their intended victims under the influence of liquor.

Drink was of course a leading lure and a necessary element in houses of prostitution, both from a financial and a social standpoint. Many students of the subject believed that professional houses of prostitution could not sustain themselves without the "vehicle of alcohol." Although the red light district of Chicago has been abolished, there are still of course many well-known houses, and it would be interesting to know how far their existence even now is dependent upon the liquor sold and consumed in them.

But if alcohol was associated intensively with these gross evils, it was also associated with homely and wholesome things. A certain type of treating had a social value which has disappeared, and doubtless large family parties have been less frequent, with the lure of drink and the consequent element of hilarity removed. Callers were often regaled with beer brought from the corner saloon, often illegally sold to a child who was hurriedly sent to get it for the visitor. Impecunious neighbors, it was said, sometimes called for the sake of the beer hospitality, and neighborliness has doubtless declined in those houses in which drink has disappeared. The Italians consider a wedding at which there is no wine for drinking the health of the bride to be an absolutely unnatural affair, and the substitute of "soft drinks" to be most unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, Bowen Hall, belonging to Hull House, is used almost every week-end for a large Italian wedding party, although no alcoholic drinks are allowed there.



Through a Hull House gateway

It is hard to exaggerate what excessive drinking did in the way of disturbing domestic relations and orderly family life. I knew for

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years a very charming Irish woman who with her three children led a dog's life because her recurrently deserting husband, when he returned from prolonged absences, always sold the accumulated household goods and clothing and reduced the family to absolute destitution and terror so long as he remained at home. Not until after his death, which occurred in a seizure of delirium tremens, was the capable mother able to establish a stable family life and to free her children from a fear which had actually stunted their growth. But sometimes the mother of a family was not able to carry alone the burden of respectability and sobriety. I remember a wife and daughter who fell into drinking habits with the husband and father, and all three came to a disgraceful end. The father died in the so-called "delirium tremens ward" of the Cook County Hospital and the daughter in the venereal disease ward, the poor old mother surviving the loss of her family but a few months. This is a striking example of many similar family tragedies, not so often among the immigrants from southern Europe as among the families representing an older immigration.

The main entrance of Hull House

In any discussion of the economic effects of prohibition it is always difficult to generalize because years of general prosperity followed the war. Doubtless there is a great change in the standards of living, and many of our old neighbors have left the vicinity of Hull House in search of better houses. As we meet them from time to time, they are obviously buying better clothes and enjoying more recreation. The forest reserves, which have been recently thrown open, are made use of by immigrant families in surprising numbers. The excursion implies the use of an automobile, but it is an unusual family who cannot boast of a brother-in-law or a cousin who owns a car. If this was true of the more prosperous family who had moved away, and of those whose business as merchants kept them in the neighborhood, the noticeable well-being of the others may have been due to the fact that the mothers' pensions are more liberally administered and that a more generous relief policy has been inaugurated by all the charitable organizations who have adopted and accepted a higher standard of living for the families under their care. Certainly since 1919 the usual family has received the envelope of wages more nearly full than was possible under the old treating system. The man coming home from work with his own crowd, would stop in a saloon and treat six or eight or even ten men, each one of whom would in turn treat him with the others. It would end in each man drinking more than he really wanted and paying much more than he could afford.

I recall a characteristic and striking example of improvements in family conditions during these years between 1919 and 1921—when the Prohibition Acts were in force or at least it was assumed they would be in force. A widow in our neighborhood, the mother of grown children, who had long been an habitual drunkard, pulled up during the first year of prohibition. During this year she married the man next door who had also been temporarily benefitted in his drinking habits. The children's wages, thus released, painted the house, bought furniture including a victrola, and the entire aspect of the family became more respectable than it had been for years. The next year, however, the mother and her husband established a still in the basement. They both returned to their drinking habits with added periods of violence. The husband died after two years. All the children have left home except one daughter whose conscience does not allow her to desert. Her wages are the sole means of support of her mother and herself and although they still own the house, it is impossible to keep lodgers because of her mother's habits. The daughter is gifted, and looks back with keen regret upon her two years of release from sordid care when she could "really give attention to music."

DURING those first two years, beginning with 1919, we were all elated by the marked decrease in so-called "disorderly conduct." A large section of the City House of Correction was closed, and the so-called "tremens ward" of the county hospital. It was said by temperance enthusiasts that the doctors complained that they did not have enough cases of delirium tremens for clinical purposes. The local drink-cure establishment closed for lack of patrons. Our neighborhood registered a general lack of street disorders and also of family quarrels, which had so often put a mother and little children into the streets, turned out by a drunken father, sometimes in the middle of the night. From our first years at Hull House, we had had such forlorn families seeking refuge behind our brick walls.

In those halcyon days of the early prohibition period factory managers said that industrial accidents were doubtless fewer, but their statement was more emphatic in regard to the increased efficiency of the workers and especially the elimination of "blue Monday." The personnel department in many concerns had long refused to take on even an occasional drinker for any responsible position involving the use of valuable machinery, but they stated that under these conditions their task of selection had become much easier. Our own experience, corroborated by the teachers in all the local schools, confirmed the reports throughout the country, that the increased prosperity of the parents kept the children in school and that many more of them were sent to high school.

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It is hard to tell just when we began to observe the social changes, due to lax enforcement or to the general conviction that it was possible to "get away with it." Of course we quite early began to detect increased prosperity in neighborhood families due to bootlegging. One mother was brought into court under "the Contributing to Delinquency Act" because the home had become a distributing center for bootlegging products. The charge did not include drunkenness, but merely disorderly conduct on the part of the purchasers. The mother came to the Settlement offering to make any arrangement for the care of her children, such as boarding school or living with relatives, which the Settlement thought best, saying that she couldn't possibly give up her "business" and that she was making enough money to care for the children properly. She had, of course, no intention of giving them up, and was devoted to them. I could easily cite dozens of similar instances, which increased in number and variety as bootlegging increased in volume and extent.

THE building conditions of our neighborhood easily lend themselves to this traffic. Along the south branch of the Chicago River the property owners are waiting to sell their old houses and barns, disused stores and small factory buildings, believing that the sites will be used for railroad terminals, garages and warehouses, which are already displacing the old buildings. These dilapidated houses and the somewhat casual population now tenanting them—Mexicans and gypsies—afford good hiding places both for the manufacturing and storing of liquor and for the hi-jackers and others who openly prey upon the illicit industry. A hi-jacker is one who holds up a truck of booze, frightening the driver with his gun until he induces him to desert his load. The driver dare not call upon the police to protect his illicit freight, and when he is obliged to abandon it, can only telephone to his gang and try to intercept the hi-jacker later and in turn terrify him with guns in order to recover the precious stuff. If the original owner of the "booze" later calls upon the police at all, he can make a charge only for the stealing of the truck without daring to mention what was loaded upon it, for of course "booze" is not legitimate property. From time to time we have found abandoned trucks in the alley back of Hull House which have evidently been left there because it was dangerous for the hi-jacker to keep them near his own house. Of course the profession of a hi-jacker is highly lucrative. He obtains his booze with all the profit it stands for without even the difficulty and expense of manufacturing it. He sometimes operates directly upon the manufacturing still and empties the store room of its contents. Such places are also easy victims of the regular hold-up men, and this accounts for the fact that many of them are equipped like small arsenals. Of course the owners of places which have been robbed are filled with vengeance and unending raids are thus started. There is in all this warfare an element of old-fashioned business rivalry, what used to be called "cut-throat" competition.

BOOTLEGGING, in its economic aspect, is a great industry. Production, formerly carried on in factories, if we may thus designate the distilleries and breweries, has become decentralized and has gone back into the home industry stage. This is just the reverse of what has happened in other industries. But we find the exploiter trying to get control of all the stills within a given area, creating a situation comparable to that in the Pennsylvania oil fields years ago. Almost any man who had a piece of land where a well could be dug, could produce oil after a fashion, but for selling it he was dependent upon rival companies. Unless one company could gain control of a given section, it was at a great disadvantage because the mere collecting of the oil meant crossing and recrossing a given territory and because of the necessity of focussing the oil at a given point for final transportation into the outside world. As one company gained control of a certain section, and impinged upon the territory belonging to a rival, the competition became more and more intense, until one company won the field. The bootlegging situation came to resemble that in the early Pennsylvania oil fields not only in its economic structure but in its ruthlessness and widespread terrorism.

The production of alcoholic drinks, by going back from the factory to its domestic beginnings, quite naturally first fell into the hands of those who had never gotten very far from the domestic type of industry. These actual producers exhibit many of the characteristics of simple people, but the new industry, in the selling end, from the very first attached to itself shrewd business men, trained in an age of complicated commercialism, who also understood the necessity for political protection. We had grown accustomed during the last decades to the idea that great vested interests connected with the manufacturing of alcoholic drinks were bringing to bear continuous pressure on Congress and very often on the state legislatures as well. We had at one time our own "whiskey ring" in Illinois with headquarters at Peoria. But the pressure formerly brought to bear on Washington and upon state capitals has now been transferred to the simplest unit of government, the patrolman on his beat. The federal officials detailed to enforce an unpopular law are subjected to temptations of the most flagrant sort.

THE development of political corruption in connection with the manufacture and sale of liquor follows a direction the reverse of that of the industrial change from factory to decentralized small scale production. The old national "whiskey ring" came first, for it was in General Grant's administration that the secretary of the treasury unearthed frauds in the collection of internal revenues for certain distilleries which were operating in collusion with high officials, who throve upon the profits. The wholesale corruption of petty government officials came much later with the decentralization of the industry when business opportunities on an unprecedented scale had been opened to simple peasants who have an opportunity to make money such as they had never even dreamed of before. It is not difficult to understand that the barrier of illegality was a frail one and easily went down before this onrush of avarice.

In the first days of the home-brewing and kitchen-distilling, rival bootleggers found it essential to control a given area, and they made to anyone discovered operating within that area a fifty-fifty proposition. They gave police protection and selling advantages in return for half the output. If a man resisted, his still was broken up, and if he was persistent, he would suffer personal violence. But he was in the end obliged to conform or to go out of business. In fact, however violent his opposition to the monopoly, he could not go on without protection and there was the added

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danger that his neighbors would "squeal to the police" if he were selling to a rival. From the beginning these home-producers realized that it was the transporting and selling end of the business which was difficult and perilous, and so there inevitably developed a hostile rivalry between two sets of men who were not producers, but sellers. They were not, of course, carrying on a purely economic rivalry, for the situation was enormously complicated by the fact that both the manufacturing and selling were illegal and absolutely dependent upon successful corruption. Even if the federal official did not collect money for protection, some one would probably do it in his name, and if the policeman on the beat was perfectly honest, politicians who pretended to control police organizations, collected for him. The law-breaker, of course, always subjects himself to an unending series of blackmail. There is also the grave situation when bootleggers come to count upon immunity from the very people whose business it is to report them. In a very real sense, the people who represented the administration of the law became as much a part of the criminal situation as the so-called criminals themselves.

IN the very earliest days of the 1920s, the illicit making of liquor entered the stage of the small factory or shop although small copper stills were piled high for sale in the outdoor markets of the neighborhood. Strictly family manufacturing was going out and larger stills were owned by groups of bootleggers who employed men from the neighborhood. The enterprises housed in old barns and basements used gasoline for heating the mash and operating the still, the whole outfit rather expensive and requiring a man capable of running it as well as one who would be courageous if the police appeared. There was also a real danger from escaping fumes if the matter were carelessly handled. Sometimes the volume of business was quite large—a still recently raided in our neighborhood was producing 200 gallons a day. The building housing it was a comparatively small barn for the vats were in the basement sunk into the ground itself. The "stuff" is moved sometimes in a dilapidated old grocery wagon, sometimes in a motor truck. In our neighborhood it is usually handled in two gallon cans. The inhabitants of a street near the Settlement were accustomed to seeing a man sitting on a front seat beside the driver on an old Ford truck with a shotgun wrapped up in newspaper lying across his knees; another armed man would walk casually along the pavement. This was to secure protection from hi-jackers as well as from police interference. During one half year our neighborhood was filled with bootleggers coming from various parts of the city, added to those from our own vicinity, because the local police captain had the reputation of being easy to deal with.

This political protection produces great cynicism among the immigrants who say quite openly "you can do anything in America if you pay for it." What must be the effect of an incident like the following? An Italian drinking with his gang one evening came home late at night and was shot in his own kitchen by a drunken companion. There was sufficient proof to indict the wife for complicity in the murder. She acknowledged that she was "fed up" with the abuse of herself and her family, and had promised to divide the insurance money with anyone who would get rid of her husband, who was himself supposed to be something of a gunman. Although it was shown in court that the insurance money had been divided with the gang, she was acquitted through the political power of the gang in a determination to save itself from exposure. A year later, the city was astounded when an assistant state's attorney was shot and killed in an automobile in company with a man whom he had tried for murder but who had been acquitted. The assumption was that the assistant state's attorney had been collecting from the gang of men with whom the criminal was connected. Two juries failed to convict the murderer. It was said that the official had been "bumped off" for political reasons totally unconnected with bootlegging. Without a verdict, it is impossible to know the situation, but there was no doubt that the incident gave an increased consciousness of political power to the bootlegging community.

The Sicilians in Chicago have an unsavory reputation for desperate measures in connection with bootlegging, partly because of the dramatic history of six Sicilian brothers, three of whom lost their lives in a prolonged war with a rival gang. The story, which in many respects is a typical one, may be outlined as follows:

JIM, the oldest of the six brothers, who came to the United States fifty years ago, operated a restaurant and a speakeasy; Angelo quickly reached the heights of an extortionist, and when Sicilian turned against Sicilian, in an aldermanic election, he killed his man, and thereafter had a standing as a gunman. Sam, more diplomatic in training and temperament, acted as a political agent for his brothers. Antonio was the gentleman of the family, the opera patron, and man about town. Peter was a saloonkeeper, and Michael was well fitted to do the rough bidding of his brothers. They formed a united family and gained a foothold in the alcohol business. They put stills in the home of every Sicilian whom they were able to dominate. In a short time they controlled much of the home-made alcohol in the city and were able to undersell all competitors. The combined credit rating of the family at one time was five million dollars, each one of the brothers almost a millionaire. Indeed, it was necessary to have capital in this business. In the fall of 1923 it was discovered that one Italian bootlegger had a payroll for chauffeurs, truckmen, bootleggers, guards, killers, lawyers and general handymen, of $2500 a week.

A street market displays both fruit and stills

The troubles of the brothers came at length from a savage outbreak with the rival gang, in which three of their men killed the hated leader of their competitors. Swift vengeance followed. Angelo was the first of the

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brothers to be killed, and Mike was next, although he was actually shot by the police as he was running away from a rival who had tried to kill him. Then, a few weeks later, Tony was shot down as he grasped the hand of a supposed friend who lured him "to the spot." These brothers had the reputation, even in the old country, we were often told, of being able to live without working, a remark very sinister in its implications. A certain type of Sicilian for centuries had a training in taking care of his own affairs outside of the law. The island was full of banditry and the vendetta survived there more than in any other part of the world. A man so trained easily goes over into the selling of booze, ready for all the desperate measures which may be involved. If a rival "muscles in," as the bootleggers laconically phrase it, on the territory and trade of his gang, he is ready to punish him. His very training in illegal activity and in dealing with his enemies for himself, becomes economically useful in the peculiar situation obtaining in Chicago in "the third decade of the twentieth century," as our newspapers put it. If he can go through the form of a trial and "walk smilingly out of court," so much the better. These two gangs of Sicilians almost exterminated each other, and the entire Sicilian population of helpless immigrants, living in Chicago, suffered in the process.

BUT in the last analysis, it is big money that makes Chicago gang wars so murderous. The city holds the key to the rich trade of the West and Northwest in whiskey, wine, gin and beer, exactly as it does in wheat, hogs, furniture and more staple commodities. Bourbon now comes from Canada and is cleared through Chicago, arriving on motor trucks, steamers, freight cars, and aeroplanes, from Detroit and other points along the border. Supplementing the Canadian ale and beer with the product of its own breweries, Chicago re-distributes the lighter beverages as well. Certain Chicago citizens point out, almost with pride, that if other cities have escaped the bootleg wars, it is because they are less strategically located than Chicago in the scheme of liquor distribution. The most optimistic citizens, however, could scarcely be proud of the role the police play in the Chicago situation, and their connection with the massacre of February 14 in which seven men were killed is but a flagrant example.

The residents in a settlement, like other good citizens, are much concerned as to the effect of all this law-breaking, upon the young. There is no doubt that a spirit of adventure natural to boys in adolescence has been tremendously aroused by the bootlegging and hi-jacking situation. It is as if this adventurous spirit were transferred from the wild west into the city streets. A boy was recently arrested in Chicago, who had come from Indiana for the express purpose of seeing "the brave men who were able to keep the police at bay." City boys in bootlegging neighborhoods have many opportunities to participate and even to collect hush money or at least to help by guarding secrets as to location of bootlegging outfits. They are quite often used as outposts, and are expected to give an alarm if a policeman or a hi-jacker appears to "be wise" as to the location of the hidden activity. If word is given that the police are on the trail, everything is set in readiness for protecting the plant. Everything depends upon who shoots first, for shooting is inevitable and a matter of self-protection on both sides. How general the carrying of arms by boys, for one reason or another, has become, is shown by the recent killing of a police officer when he was arresting five boys who had been drinking and were evidently out for mischief. They told him to let them off or they would shoot him, and they finally succeeded in doing it because they outnumbered him in firearms.

BOOTLEG liquor is integrated with vice and crime quite as liquor always has been. Roadhouses where liquor is sold are notorious for their prostitution, and automobiles make it possible to transport patrons quickly to these disorderly roadhouses, also affording concealment for the intoxicated young people returning together. In addition to a boy's natural love of automobiles is the association of banditry. An automobile bandit is more successful and more dangerous than the romantic wild west robbers of fifty years ago, or the bands so recently to be found in remote parts of Sicily, Spain and of Mexico. A boy in the state reformatory tells how easily he and his gang, who owned a Ford, used to hold up young people who were returning from the road houses, finding it easy to take their money because they were always more or less intoxicated.

How inextricably this new type of crime and indeed the whole prohibition question are involved with the development of the automobile it is impossible to describe. Chicago, with only one-third of the population of New York, covers four times as much territory—prairie territory opening by hundreds of outlets into the country on every side—and this too affects the local situation.

In pre-Volstead days happiness and release from reality were associated with drinking, and much of the social life for men centered around drinking together. There is no doubt that more wholesome outlets are gradually being substituted in spite of the fact that many young men are very eager to demonstrate their superiority to law, and consider this demonstration a very sporty thing. We know indeed that a great many young people are drinking at the present moment solely from a sense of bravado. Each generation looks for a method with which it may defy the conventions and startle its elders. The present generation seems to have settled upon the obtaining and consuming of illicit liquor. The motive is so cheap and superficial that it is almost impossible to place the situation in the area of morals or any other human field. Unhappily their elders often imitate and abet them, although they live in homes in which liquor was never used in the pre-war days.

There is a general impression, however, that this braggadocia movement is spending itself and that a reaction has set in among the young people themselves. Many flappers are afraid to drive with men who carry hip flasks. Automobile accidents are multiplied, not only by the man who is intoxicated but even more by the man whose few drinks have made him recklessly eager to take chances and evoked within him a certain exhibitionism of daredevil courage. If it ever comes to a forced choice between automobiles and liquor, there would be a little doubt, I imagine, as to which would be preferred.

THIS attempt on the part of the Federal Government "to interfere with the drink situation" has certainly not met with the same vigorous opposition which an earlier one did, when, in 1791, the United States Government passed the first legislation connected with the imposition of a federal revenue tax on manufactured liquor. The Whiskey Rebellion, which occurred in 1794, (*Continued on page* 54)

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THE FLAME

Courtesy, Weyhe Gallery

ROCKWELL KENT

The New Conquest of Light

FROM the legendary rim of human history fire has symbolized to mankind not only warmth to sustain life but light to make it safe and bearable. Just fifty years ago a group of scientists looked with feverish excitement on a bit of charred thread glowing in a vacuum, symbol of a new era, the lamp without flame. Thomas A. Edison did not invent the incandescent lamp, but his light of 1879 started the train of efforts that made its use commercially feasible and brought the far wider enslavement of electricity for homes, schools, factories and community life which is described in the two articles on the following pages by Waldemar Kaempffert and Martha Bensley Bruère.

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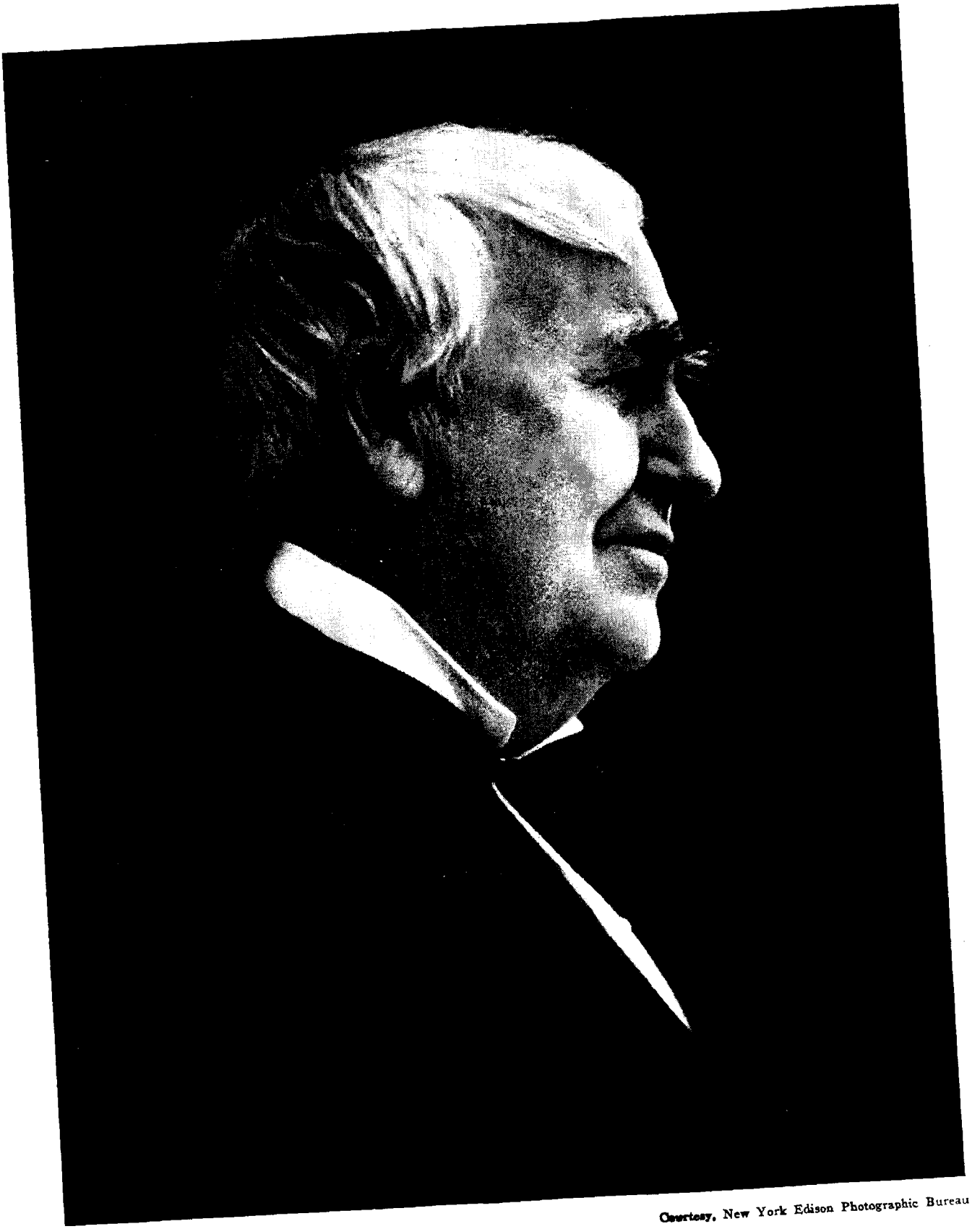

Courtesy, New York Edison Photographic Bureau

THOMAS A. EDISON

"We owe to Edison far more than the incandescent lamp—the immensely greater achievement of enslaving electricity in the service of mankind."

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The Light of Edison's Lamp

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

ON October 21, 1879, in what is little more than a barn in Menlo Park, New Jersey, but the finest electrical laboratory of its day, sits an intensely restless man of thirty with long, black hair swept aside from a fine forehead and the deep-set, burning eyes of a fanatic—sits and stares with half a dozen assistants at a little glass bulb in which a charred thread glows. A veritable frenzy of experimenting has led to the bulb, the thread and the glow. For whole days and nights he has not left the laboratory. His food, pushed through windows, has been wolfed down. Time and time again he has slept on a bench and pillowed his head on a resistance-box. Never was a result striven for so fiercely. Such eminent scientists as the Englishmen Preece and Tyndall have declared before learned societies that the "sub-division of the electric light," after the manner of gas, is an inventor's will-o'-the-wisp. Yet there is the lamp—a charred cotton thread glowing in an exhausted glass bulb, a triumph of sheer will, ingenuity, and empiricism over scientific theory.

"We sat and looked," said Edison years later, "and the lamp continued to burn. The longer it burned the more fascinated we were. None of us could go to bed, and there was no sleep for forty hours. We sat and just watched it with growing elation. It could not be put on the market, but it showed that electricity could be used for incandescent lighting. I spent about $40,000 in bringing the investigation up to that point, and yet in a way this was only the beginning."

Yes, only a beginning. Instead of forty hours a commercial lamp must have a life of many hundred. The now epic quest for the perfect filament began, a quest that cost $100,000, that took emissaries of the restless Edison all over the world, and netted 6,000 materials, including some hairs plucked from the red beard of a certain MacKenzie. And all these fibres, grasses, threads and hairs had to be tested with the same fine fury that had demonstrated the feasibility of subdividing the electric light.

A painting, a symphony, a poem, an invention is the product not only of a man but of its time and of the race—a product of what the Germans call *Stimmung,* a certain atmosphere, a certain psychological and social pressure. Edison had behind him a vast technical heritage. Discovery had been piled on discovery for five hundred centuries. Discoveries acquire momentum as they roll on. They also acquire a tension which must find an outlet, like energy under restraint. Something like a short circuit through a human mind occurs. In the case of the electric lamp there were several short-circuiting minds. Goebel and Swann were but two who were working simultaneously and independently along lines similar to Edison's, and Swann, the Englishman, devised a lamp which, so far as its filament was concerned, was better than Edison's. Jazz and futuristic painting could not have been produced in Lorenzo the Magnificent's Florence. Neither could the incandescent lamp. It is so very much the product of its time that it was destined to appear about the year 1879. Yet it may be doubted if electric illumination (something very different from a cold lamp) would have been so rapidly introduced had it not been for Edison's feverish and thorough experimenting. Only through genius can social pressure manifest itself in a work of art or an invention.

A lamp was not enough. What made the filament glow? Heat—electric heat. A current had to be supplied to the lamp. There were dynamos even in the days of '79 and '80, but the most potent source of electric energy in New York was the Western Union Telegraph Company's battery of 2,000 cells. To illuminate a small section of a city with a gigantic battery was technically absurd. The unflagging Edison was constrained to design a generator, a distribution system, junction-boxes, suitable bases into which lamps could be fitted, meters, in a word the whole paraphernalia of the modern central station—something that historians of invention are apt to overlook. Power houses today differ radically from that which Edison equipped in Pearl Street in 1881. Yet that historic brick offense to the eye was the nest in which the enormous electric light and power industry of today was hatched. To be sure, it was Westinghouse who brought about the adoption of alternating current, the kind now generally supplied, which Edison opposed. Central station practice nevertheless began in Pearl Street, and for no other purpose than that of enabling the electric lamp to compete with gas. We owe to Edison far more than the incandescent lamp, the immensely greater achievement of enslaving electricity in the service of mankind.

WITH the central station the electrical age became a visible, incandescent reality; the generation and distribution of electricity on a large scale resulted not only in cheap lighting but in the means for driving factory-wheels and street-cars, washing household linen, churning butter, milking cows automatically, and sucking dirt out of carpets. In his own lifetime the nestling of the man whom newspapers hailed as the "wizard of Menlo Park" grew into so powerful and ferocious a bird that it had to have its wings and talons clipped. Public service commissions had to be created, and the public or private ownership of great utilities became an issue over which we are likely to quarrel as long as there are differences of political and economic opinion. Three years after the electric lamp was commercially introduced, that is, in 1885, the public was already complaining that the electric light companies were making too much money, while the representatives of these same companies at their first convention in Chicago were looking none too hopefully into the future.

The first social effect of the incandescent lamp was a child-like wonder. By the end of 1879 several hundred lamps had been installed to light Edison's laboratory, house,

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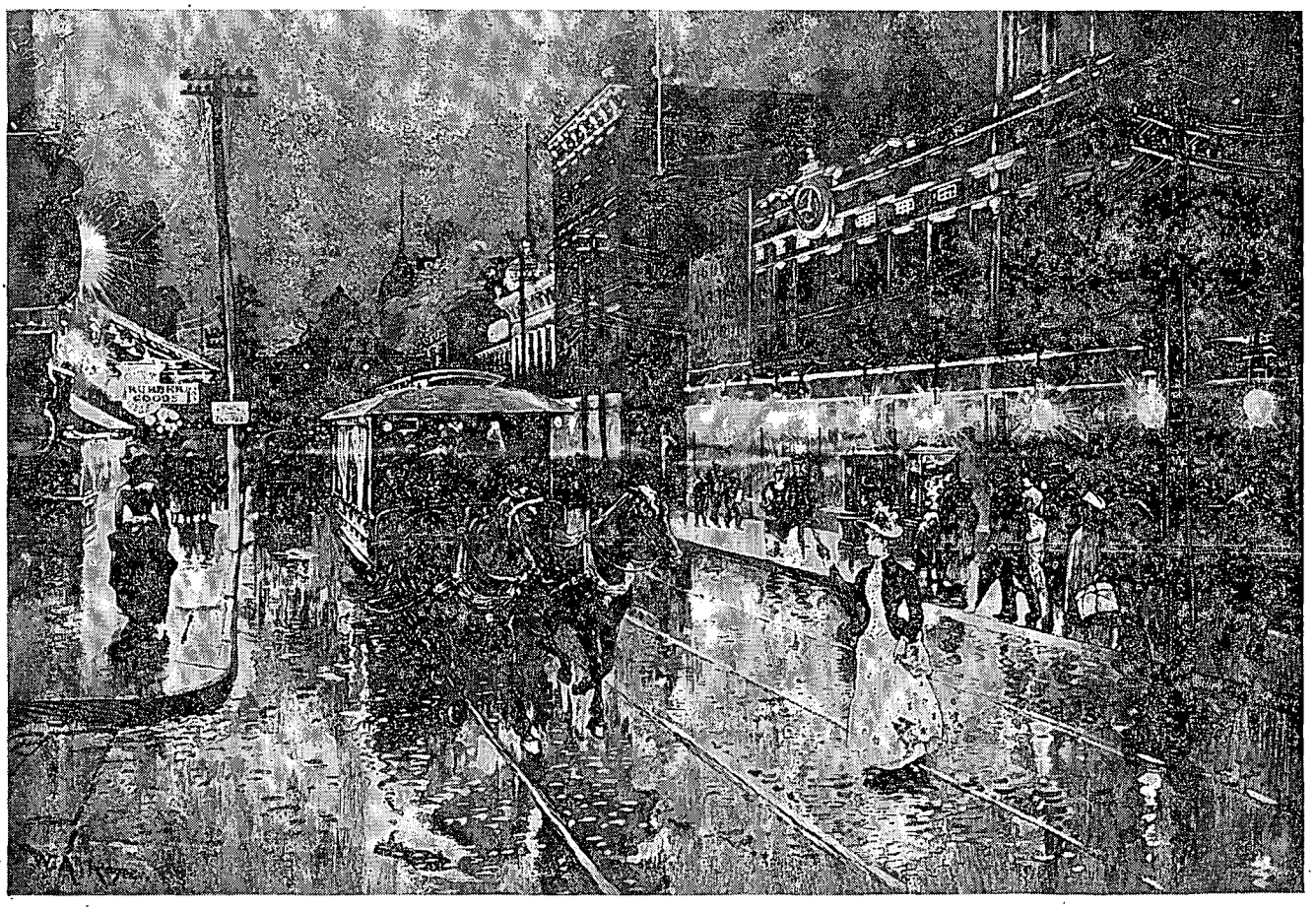
and some of the streets of Menlo Park. Cotton had given place to charred paper as the filament material. Why didn't the paper burn up? It was hard for the public to grasp the difference between combustion in the open air and incandescence in a vacuum. Accordingly the public boarded special trains and went out to Menlo Park on New Year's eve, 1879, to study electric incandescence on the spot. It seems incredible that 3,000 curious New Yorkers should journey to a New Jersey village to stare at a lamp and wonder what would come of it. Or were these curious thousands perhaps urged by some vague prescience of a great social and economic transformation—cities garlanded in light and electric wonders that transcended the glittering promises of Utopian poets and seers, energy no longer confined within restricted areas but shot hither and thither wherever it was needed?

No inventor has ever grasped the full social significance of his work. Watt sees in his engine only a substitute for the Newcomen-Savery pump and the horse in draining English mines and never dreams of mass production in factories. Bell cannot picture the world enmeshed in telephone wires and thinks only of the deaf mutes for whose benefit his experiments were undertaken. Hertz, who first discovers radio waves, never imagines that the ether of space will some day throb with wireless messages, speech, and music to which a whole nation will listen. Even Edison, imaginative as he is, thinks he has given the world merely a lamp which is safer, more convenient than the gas-flame. In reality he has made light free. Before him it is shackled. After him it is fluid and plastic. It can be handled like paint or steel. Unwittingly he has made light a new social force.

Ever since man appeared on the earth a million years ago light has been a flame. A torch, a candle, an oil lamp, a gas jet must be isolated because each is a flame-generator which must be kept from inflammable drapery and wood. The opportunities for decorative effect are limited at best. Now comes this Edison lamp. Here is not a flame but a glow. The artist sees his chance. At the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 he wreathes whole buildings in light and millions gasp with delight. Twenty-two years later the Panama-Pacific Exposition is opened. Walls are transformed into great sheets of luminosity. Architecture is a canvas on which the light-artist paints. Often the source of light can only be divined; for instead of naked bulbs, strung like beads around a building, as if it were the throat of a woman, there are concealed projectors. The International Jury of Awards recognizes decorative illumination as a fine art.

See, too, what happens in thousands of homes, offices and shops. Light is spread over expansive planes or cunningly concentrated for dramatic effect. Ceilings are glass, luminous skies. Lamps in recesses throw mysterious beams on pillars. And what a variety of hues! A luminous palette of unlimited possibilities is held out by this inventor, Edison. Even the creative artist is inspired by the fluidity and plasticity of the incandescent lamp. Scriabin writes his "Prometheus," a tone-poem which must be rendered both



Night life on Grand Street, New York, in 1889, *by W. A. Rogers. This drawing and the two following, of the early days of light, are from Harper's Weekly of that period*

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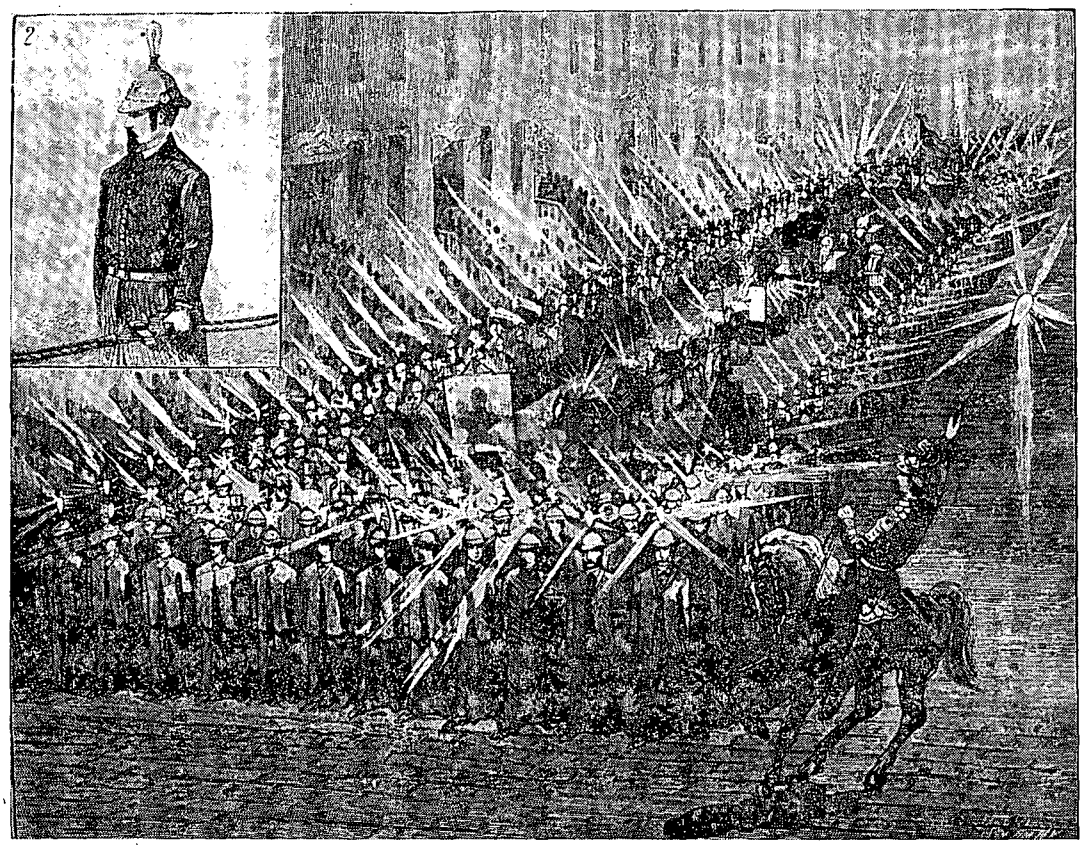
by musical instruments played by an orchestra and by chatoyant lights controlled from a keyboard and projected on a screen. Wilfred Smith invents a color-organ and displays before hushed crowds the potentialities of the first light symphonies. After a million years light becomes a medium of artistic expression.

The stage falls under this new influence. For centuries actors strut behind candles or gas-flames arranged as footlights. Why footlights and not headlights? Because of the inherent danger of open flames. Decade after decade actors paint their faces and pencil their eyebrows to counteract the unnatural glare and false color values of the footlights. Such is the power of tradition that electric footlights still blaze up at painted actors—anachronisms to be compared with quill pens in modern offices, or high-wheeled bicycles on automobile roads. But a few artist-producers see how anomalous all this is. Coppeau and Reinhardt dispense with footlights. They and their disciples bring light of the correct hue and intensity exactly where it is wanted. Even the less sensitive Broadway producer realizes that by controlling light he controls atmosphere. The well-schooled electrician at the switchboard is probably as important a factor in the success of many a melodrama and mystery play as the actor on the boards.



This electric torchlight procession greeted Edward, Prince of Wales, in New York City

As light thus becomes free and plastic a new type of technician appears. Illuminating engineer he calls himself. His profession is not much more than twenty years old; yet he is one of the most important social consequences of the upheaval that follows the introduction of the incandescent lamp. He sees that he must use rationally this new light, which may be as diminutive as a grain of wheat or as large as three massed cauliflowers, which may emit either a pin-prick or a blaze equal to that of thousands of candles. For the first time the wear and tear of light on the human eye becomes a matter of economic and social concern.

The illuminating engineer enters the factory and the office. He finds the light everywhere but incorrectly and even dangerously applied. The tradition of the flame makes it difficult to grasp the new conception of luminous energy, which must be controlled as if it were live steam. Business men and manufacturers have not yet discovered that this new incandescent light is made not to look at but to see by. They never had to bother with that elementary fact in the dim days of oil and gas. Knowing no better, they persisted in utilizing the little blazing sun that the electric lamp has become by 1907, as if it were flaming gas. Naked bulbs dangle from cords wherever light is needed over a machine. Or an opaque cone-like shield concentrates this brilliance on the work. In either case the contrast between a high concentration of light and the obscurity that reigns a few feet beyond is too much for the pupil's power of ready accommodation. There are accidents as workers stumble from a brilliant circle of light into abrupt darkness. Work is spoiled. Glare obtrudes itself as a physiological and therefore as a social evil, and the control of glare becomes the chief duty of the illuminating engineer. The human eye has to be saved from the improved Edison lamp.

The illuminating engineer's first task is that of measuring light—both the light shed by a lamp in a given place and the amount needed under the given conditions. To be sure photometers are older than is the illuminating engineer. New light-measures are needed and the engineer invents them. Now a bright, young engineer appears in a factory or an office, carrying instruments in a black leather-covered box. He unpacks the instruments, takes readings with their aid, and reports in twenty-four hours, if need be, exactly how many lamps are required in a given area and where they should be placed. Between 1920 and 1925 the recommended intensities virtually double, not because the electric companies are bent on selling more energy but because factory operations have changed and because new discoveries are made about electric lights and the manner in which they can be utilized.

What is the social and economic effect of such studies? The Detroit Piston Company increases the intensity of

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illumination from 1.2 candles to 18 per square foot and secures a 25 per cent increase in production. In the Timken roller-bearing plant 5 foot-candles give place to 25, and the output increases 12.5 per cent. These instances are typical of the economic benefits that follow scientifically correct lighting. The cost of the improvement is negligible—less than two per cent, as a rule, of the payroll.

Contrast the conditions brought about by the illuminating engineer with those of the good old days of flickering candles and smoking whale-oil. The regulations that Amasa Whitney posted in his factory in Winchendon, Massachusetts, in 1830 aid us. The mill was to be "put in operation ten minutes before sunrise at all seasons of the year," which meant that in summer the workers had to begin as early as 4:13 a. m. The sluice gates that controlled water power were shut ten minutes past sunset between March 20 and September 20, so that a worker might still be found at his post as late as 7:51 p. m. in June. At the height of summer Amasa Whitney worked his hands sixteen hours a day. During the period of short days (from November 1 to March 1) "the hands will take breakfast . . . before going to work," from which it may be inferred that they breakfasted in the mill during the long days. Supper was eaten in the mill all the year round. Ten minutes after work stopped the doors were to be locked. There was no time to wash up or change clothing. Every cent was extracted from every second of daylight.

The Edison Electrical Darkey flustered fair ladies

Amasa Whitney had to arrange his machines with due regard to his windows. Edison made windows unnecessary. Machines are installed with an eye to the correct flow of material through the shop. Illuminating engineers are prepared to prove that the full equivalent of sunlight can be artificially obtained in a factory that has no windows at all and that electric lighting may be actually cheaper than daylight when the cost of windows and of their maintenance is considered.

And yet the work of the illuminating engineer has only begun. Are all factories well-lighted and safe? R. E. Simpson of the Traveler's Insurance Company published in 1920 the results of a study which showed that 2,000,000 industrial accidents are caused annually by inadequate or poor lighting and that of these 25,000 are fatal. Fixing the average cost of each accident at $1,000 he placed the annual toll traceable to bad lighting at two billions. It might be supposed that in the eight years which have elapsed since these figures were compiled conditions have improved. In a recent survey made by the industrial lighting committees of the National Electric Light Association of 390 typical industrial establishments it was found that only 15 per cent were well lighted, 29 per cent fairly lighted, and 56 per cent poorly lighted. "You would not think much of an unguided blind man's chance in avoiding injury in an industrial plant," comments W. C. Allen, an illuminating engineer of Birmingham, Alabama, "yet this is practically the condition under which men in this 56 per cent are working." Workers are better off than they were in Amasa Whitney's day, but not yet have we made the most of the electric light in our factories. It is to the credit of the Edison lamp and the illuminating engineer that definite standards have been established and that the social and economic aspects of lighting cannot be persistently ignored.

It is harder to evaluate the effect of the electric lamp on education than on industry. There were night-schools long before there was incandescent lighting. But what a toll in eyesight the oil-wick and the gas-jet must have taken! Whatever may be said against this machine-age it stands at least for education of the masses. And education and light go hand in hand. Without the improved Edison lamp books would surely be written and produced in fewer numbers and at higher prices, and these fewer books would be read less. One might even argue that with poor, dear light there would be less night study and therefore fewer scientists, engineers and scholars. Granting all this our school record still is about as bad as our factory record, so far as lighting is concerned. Schools are illuminated with more lights than ever before, but the lights are as ignorantly placed as in most factories. It costs only $64.15 a year to provide proper light for each pupil, including allowance for investment, depreciation, and maintenance; but poor control of natural light, incorrect artificial light, glare from polished surfaces, poor light or none at all in the home, blackboards badly illuminated or incorrectly placed in relation to windows, too much contrast in classrooms, and lack of elementary knowledge about the eye are responsible for an estimated annual waste of $257,800,000 spent for illumination. Of the 24,000,000 children enrolled in schools 6,000,000 have defective vision which must be aided by adequate lighting. In the fifty years that have elapsed since Edison invented his lamp we have progressed at least to the point where we can state precisely our educational problem in terms of light. And a committee representing twenty organizations and societies concerned with school problems can draw up a school lighting code for the guidance of legislators and architects. Ignorance of classroom requirements is no longer an excuse for poor lighting.

On the whole a better showing is made by the electric light in the home than in either factory or school. The whole onward sweep of our

(*Continued on page* 58)

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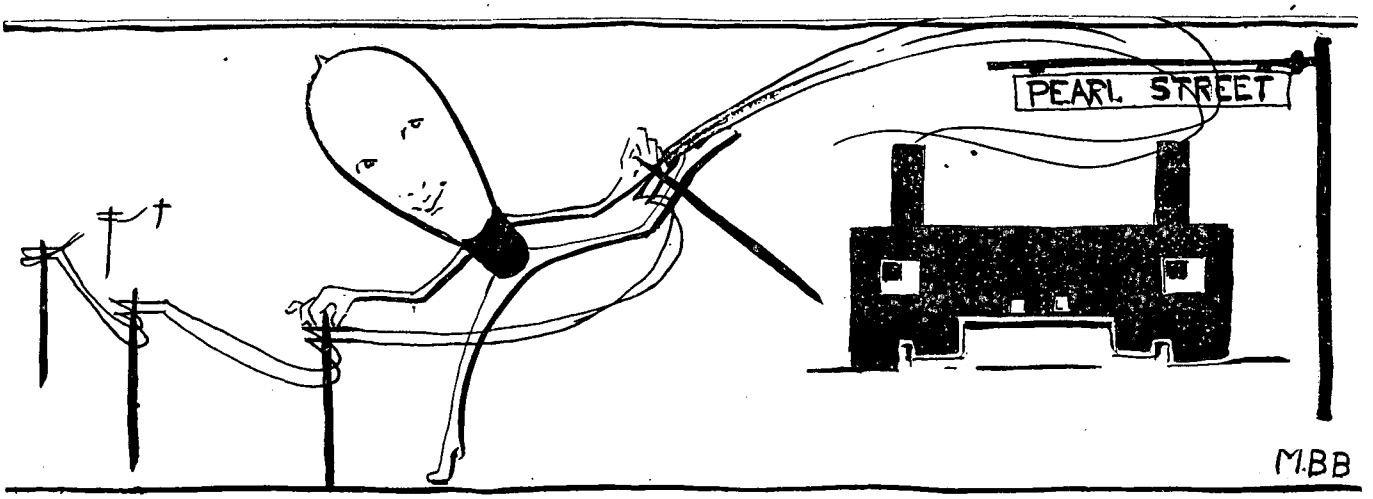

The lamp burst forth from the power house in Pearl Street to stake out a new Frontier of Convenience

The Dark Fringe of Light

By MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

Illustrations by the Author

FIFTY years ago the electric lamp was born in Menlo Park. Two years later it dashed out from the little power house on Pearl Street and staked out a new Frontier of Convenience.

Beyond this Frontier were those vast regions where the hired man milked the cows by the dim light of a smoky lantern, where incipient presidents learned their letters by the help of flaming pine knots, where the housewife spent odorous hours filling kerosene lamps, where gas flickered dimly along city thoroughfares and oil more dimly still in the main streets of country towns. Within this Frontier it became common to find a bright bulb set in the center of the sitting room ceiling in a gay rosette. One might enter the darkest hall, feel for the bracket on the left side of the door, turn the key, and discover the stairs up which to send the children to bed. Corners of city houses that had not been viewed by human eye since they were built were dragged into the bright light of criticism. Piercing beams shot through the dust of factories increasing the length of the working day. One could match silk in the remotest corner of a dry goods store. O! it was a great day for civilization when the electric lamp staked out that new Frontier of Convenience in 1881 and established a new axiom "Light at any price is worth all you have to pay for it!"

The human race had been preparing for such an axiom for thousands of years. In an address before the National Electric Light Association in June Julius Barnes asserted that "there are evidences that the early cave man chipped niches in the rock walls of ancient caverns in which fire was evidently built for lighting only." The thankfulness for light that must have arisen at that time grew and flourished in the human breast. It cast a luminous halo round the rush light, religiously enshrined the candle, glorified the oil lamp, honored illumination by gas, and expressed itself overwhelmingly by what it was willing to pay for electric light.

Of course that mounting inheritance of gratitude for light was abundantly justified through the ages because it made the Home, from cave to apartment, a more acceptable container for the family group. But by the time the electric lamp came out of Pearl Street a blight had settled upon the Home that no mere light could remedy. Whether men moved to the cities because women insisted on going into industry —and at that time the cities were the only places where mass industry occurred—or whether women entered industry because men went to the cities is an irrelevant "hen-egg" controversy. The important fact is that under this drift the Home tended to disintegrate, the child to be discontinued, and the clergy, the sociologists, the leisure-class women, the employers, the militarists and the labor leaders were audibly annoyed, each on a different count. Obviously, even the electric lamp, could not safeguard the Home. It did not even lighten the housework! It tended rather to increase it, for though women could now see what they were about, it was necessary either to earn more or to save more in order to pay the bills in spite of the fact that "Light at any price is worth all you have to pay for it!"

BUT something really pertinent to the dilemma did follow later. I first met it personally when two men came to sell me a motor to run my sewing machine. They brought it hopefully in a box ready to be attached. The price was not excessive for one who was addicted to the sewing machine—which I am not—but it was an alluring toy and I fingered it delightedly.

"How much electricity does it take to run it?" I inquired as I felt myself weakening.

"Oh very little—almost none."

I was conscious of my stiffening spine.

"How much does it *cost* to run it?"

"Practically nothing."

My guard was up.

"How much is 'practically nothing'?"

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"No more than your lights."

"That's 14 cents a kilowatt hour."

I was saved both from the convenience and the cost. I was saved also from buying a second electric hot plate. I fell for the first one but bestowed it on a friend to whom money is no object, after the second month's bill came in; the first month's bill I had taken to be an error. Most women like me had to forego electric appliances that were to be operated at the rates we had learned to pay for light, and so the enfeebled Home was deprived of the tonic that electricity was prepared to give it. From the standpoint of the electric companies also the first attempt to electrify housework was nearly a total loss, for only the very rich could afford to operate electric appliances and the very rich offer an extremely limited market. But business acumen was not idle. Before long we were offered heat and power at a much lower rate than "light-at-any-price." How could this be when electric current is all the same thing, traveling in the same way over the same wires?

IT happened like this. The borning of that little lamp in Pearl Street was a costly accouchment. It ought to be paid for royally—it has been—it still is. To string those first wires, to build those first power houses, and acquire those first franchises, and convince those first legislators, was also an expensive proceeding. The rates ought to have been high enough to cover all these incidental expenses—and they were. But at those rates people tended to burn as few lights as they could get on with for as short a time as they could manage, and not to indulge in labor-saving devices at all. This was less profitable both to the producer and the consumer than it might have been. The producer—not the consumer—put his finger to his brow and thought it out along this line:

"Light obviously is used only during that brief time between dusk and bedtime, a variable period seldom more than five hours long. The plant which generates the electricity, the wires that carry it, the franchises that permit it, the companies which operate it, exist all day and all night. Since all this paraphernalia is paid for by the five hours when light is consumed, why not cash in on those nineteen hours of idleness? What do people do in the daytime? Work! What do they work with? Power! Offer them power at anything above the cost of operation and if they buy it we make money."

So the electric utilities put through a short, sharp, successful campaign to sell power for daytime use to industry. Being underwritten by those who purchased their current during the evening at the light-at-any-price rate they could furnish daytime power so cheap that they began to oust steam as a motive power in manufacture. For the same thing was found to be true of electric power that is true of automobile tires, tin coffee cans and print paper: the manufacturer is glad to avoid making whatever he can afford to buy. So effective has the campaign been to sell ready-made power that more than seventy-five per cent of the industries in the United States are now electrified. This has been the first effective blow struck at the evils of the grimy shops and mills ushered in by the Industrial Revolution and incidentally for the preservation of that family container, the Home. And the little lamp from Pearl Street made it possible! Let us warm up our gratitude and serve it over!

But the commercial market—any commercial market—is an uncertain thing. Financial disaster; new discoveries and inventions, change of fashion, may take away a company's big industrial customers almost over night. Suppose the main income of a light and power company were from a manufacturer of spats, or of silk petticoats, or bicycles, or lightning rods or carpetbags or horse shoes: where would that company be now? But in spite of the insecurity of the family, the discontinuance of children, the undomestication of women, and the tenuousness of marriage, a thousand domestic consumers still offer a more stable market than three manufacturers who consume the same amount of current. So the potential power demand of the private consumer was gone after again and this time at far less that the light-at-any-price rate.

SPEAKING as a housewife residing in the rural districts, there is hardly a week when I do not receive from our local light and power company suggestions as to the purchase of electric devices. If I had taken all that have been offered me—which I did not—and if I used each one as the advertisements instruct, my day would be something like this:

Wake at six and start the electric hot water heater then
Go back to bed till seven when there will be enough for the baths.
After the bath run down stairs again and start the electric coffee percolator.
Arriving at the table, make the toast on the electric toaster and
Cook the eggs in the electric coddler.
After breakfast grasp the vacuum cleaner and sweep over the rugs
(standing firmly on each so that they will not rise up under the suction and follow the cleaner about)
I regret to have to omit the use of an electric bed making device.
None has been offered me.
(This is probably an oversight.)
Sit down to rest under the soothing influence of the electric fan, or the comforting glow from the electric heater, depending on the season.
Rise and go about the household tasks:
Washing in the electric washing machine
Ironing with the electric iron
Mixing bread with the electric mixer
Baking it in the electric oven
Whipping cream with the electric whipper,
Stoning cherries with the electric cherry stoner
(which I refused to buy on the ground that last year we had only five cherries on account of the robins and this year none on account of the aphids, and that therefore it was within my capacity to stone the crop by hand)
Take the luncheon chops from the electric refrigerator and grill them on the electric grill;
Stew the peaches in the electric stew-pan
Wash the dishes with water from the electric heater;
Mow the lawn with the electric lawn mower;
Sit down and place the electric pad upon the resulting aching muscles.
Prepare cinnamon toast in the electric toaster
And heat water for the afternoon tea in the electric tea pot.
Prepare dinner with the aid of the electric oven, grill, stew-pan, steamer and coffee pot, and
At last—sit down to an electric lit table and eat it.

WHO says that the housewife does not offer a market for twelve hours of electric power a day in addition to five hours of light? Not the manufacturers of appliances nor the electric utilities, certainly in view of the electric equipment already installed.

Electric Utilities by William E. Mosher reprints from Electrical Merchandising of January 1929, a table showing the domestic electrical appliances in use in 1928:

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Wired homes	19,000,000
Flat irons	17,000,000
Vacuum cleaners	7,700,000
Washing machines	5,700,000
Toasters	5,300,000
Refrigerators	1,200,000
Ranges	725,000

Twelve hours of power, four hours of light! That time when the power plants and the wires and the franchises and the companies were liabilities rather than assets has gone forever. Sixteen hours a day they are rolling up profits, and yet the four hours a day when the light is on paid in 1927, according to the Electrical World, 58.2 per cent of the gross revenue.

"Light at any price is worth all you have to pay for it," is still an axiom, but the question, "How much do you have to pay?" is beginning to obtrude itself, for we are used to seeing prices drop from the luxury-level to the use-level without financial disaster even to the producer! Consider the time, not so long ago when there appeared on the dinner tables of the rich and great, glass plates of transparent turquoise, goblets of luminous rose, compotes of amber. From considering the cost of these the middle-class housekeeper shuddered away blindly. Now there appear on my own table, plates of transparent turquoise, goblets of luminous rose, compotes of amber with no great depletion of the family purse, for is there not a "five-and-ten" in the next street? Nor have I seen Woolworth stock quoted below par! Couldn't something similar happen to the price of electric light? What do we really *have* to pay?

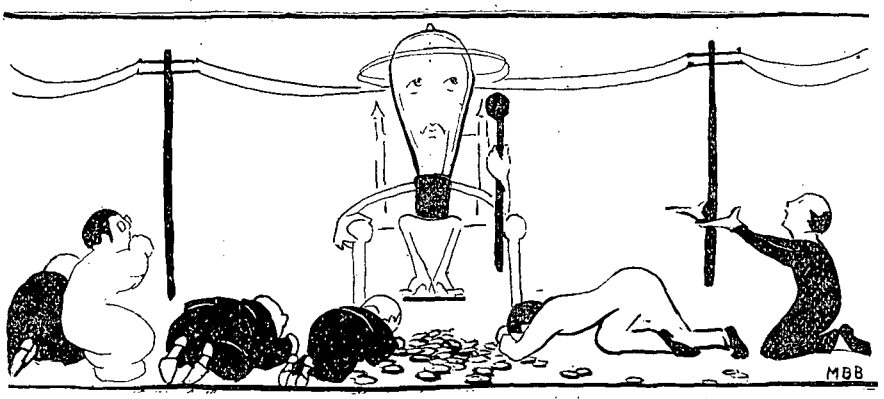
In a recent pamphlet, What Price Electricity in our Homes, Morris Llewellyn Cooke who was director of the Pennsylvania Giant Power Survey declares:

> In the early days lighting rates were fixed with a view to covering not only all costs of generating and distributing all current used for lighting but also the entire overhead expense of plants which were also serving power consumers. . . .
>
> The small customers, having long ago become accustomed to a certain level for domestic rates, have in general acquiesced in its continuance, not having as yet fully realized that great technical improvements together with a more continuous demand should before this have resulted in a great reduction in domestic electric rates. . . . It was the lighting customers who really paid the bills for the development of the present extensive industrial use. And now it is the revenue growing out of the excessive charges to domestic and other lighting customers which is contributing to the era of consolidation. Current and prospective receipts from lighting customers are the principal warrant for the excessive prices being paid for electric properties. . . . O. M. Rau, an electrical engineer associated with the Giant Power Board, found that the average rate paid by wholesale power consumers [in Pennsylvania in 1924] was 1.35 cents per kilowatt hour, whereas the average rate paid by domestic consumers was 8.4 cents, or 6.2 times as much. . . .
>
> In steam plants such as can now be constructed, the cost of generating electricity need not be more than 6 or 7 mills a kilowatt hour (.6 or .7 cents). . . . For as the building of long distance transmission lines and the interconnection of systems proceeds, there is no reason why most power plants should not be built where cheap coal can be obtained. . . . The whole cost of generating water power, capital and operating charges, is often less than that of coal power. Water power is sold at Niagara Falls, American side, for 3 mills a kilowatt hour and at Muscle Shoals, by the Government, for 2 mills. . . . The selling price at Boulder Dam is estimated at 3 mills. . . . Power rates have declined steadily year by year. During the same period [italics ours] *prices for lighting have actually been rising* and the discrimination against the householder continues.
>
> Any price paid for domestic service above five cents per kilowatt hour must be justified by some special consideration which does not affect 95 per cent of the current used in this class of service.

It would seem perhaps that though the axiom "Light at any price is worth all you have to pay for it," is still unquestioned we may not have to pay as much as we do. But how shall we perform that difficult feat of paying less than we are charged for what we so much want? The producer, for his own business reasons, gave us cheap power; how can we, for our own purposes, get cheap light? We are still very definitely slaves of that little old lamp from Pearl Street, shackled first by gratitude, second by inertia—it being easier to pay than to protest—third by ignorance of what we can do about it.

And yet the remedy is in our own hands. The electric companies exist by virtue of what the public does for them; by the use of the public's streets for the transmission of current; by the public's right of eminent domain, which it uses to establish lines across the country; by the development of water power which is public property; by a hundred other aids which we, the public, afford them. They can not exist without our help.

In return we have retained the right to regulate rates. Up to the present time this right has not got us far. We pay for light very nearly the old gratitude-rate which we agreed to when light was a luxury. We have not yet realized on the fact that the slack hours for electric current have been largely taken up, that the greatest consumption of current—the peak load—is no longer between six and ten o'clock in the evening when we are using our lamps, but between ten and twelve in the morning when the factories are running at top speed and the electric railroads dashing about, and all the washing machines and bread mixers and vacuum cleaners running like mad! And that since light does not now constitute the peak load there is no reason why it should bear the peak financial burden.



We are still very definitely slaves of that little old lamp

I quote again from Electrical Utilities: "Rates should be based upon production costs including all operating expenses, interest on borrowed money and dividends on invested capital."

With this in mind it is interesting to consider the decision

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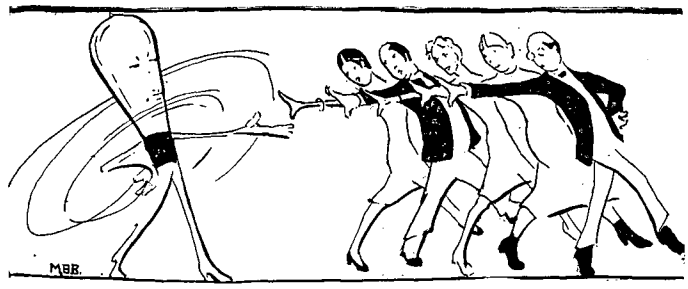
of the Federal Power Commission made public on August 13, 1929, that before a power company can get a license it must squeeze the water out of its estimates or accounts of cost.

"The first effect," says a special dispatch to the New York World, "will be to squeeze approximately $500,000,000 of 'water' from overcapitalized electrical utilities."



Worth what we have to pay for it—and no more!

It would seem that even the "gratitude-rate" need not be made to cover the interest on half a billion dollars which were never put into the business!

THERE is of course another way. We can transform the public service companies into actual public property. They are at this moment being rapidly swept into a few great piles within the national pasture. When they have been carefully dehydrated it would seem the perfect moment for an efficient public to take its pitchfork in hand and load them on the government hay cart. This has already been done in various political divisions in this country and most notably in the neighboring Canadian province of Ontario.

Here power from Niagara Falls strides on giant stilts to operate industries in the towns at exactly the same rates as those paid by the factories in Toronto, and rates, incidentally, far less than ours. In the Giant Power issue of Survey Graphic (March 1, 1924), there is told the whole story of Woodstock, a little city of 10,000 people, with twenty-eight industrial plants all served by "Hydro"; with electricity in all its homes, and even then electric stoves in nearly a quarter of them; and with monthly bills which averaged $4.96 for the families who were lighting and cooking by electricity, and many of them heating water by it as well, besides revelling in such minor luxuries as sweepers, toasters, electric flat-irons and percolators. For light and fuel $4.96 a month, while a ton of coal to run a cook-stove for thirty, dirty, back-straining days in Woodstock cost about $15! Nor does the whole story lie in the towns. Under the direction of the Hydro-Electric Commission, through which the government of Ontario operates this service, cheap current flows straight out into the villages and to the farms, whose barn windows glow like factories at milking-time. Maybe this makes for contented cows; and beyond a doubt it makes for farmers and farmers' sons who are contented to stay in the country. What price contentment here?

Reports of the Hydro-Electric Commission show 1928 rates for domestic service to have been 1 9/10 cents for 86.8 per cent of it: 2 to 3 9/10 cents for 12.1 per cent of it: 4 to 6 9/10 cents for 1 per cent and 7 cents or more for 1/10 of 1 per cent of it. This method of public ownership would be one by which we could avoid expressing in cash a good deal of the gratitude we feel for light.

It is important that both light and power should be available everywhere for as little as possible because of the social consequence of its use. For cheap electricity widely distributed through the rural districts is actually checking the flow of population to the cities and even shows signs of turning the tide the other way by the simple process of making it profitable to stay in the country. By delivering electric power to operate factories wherever it is possible to string a line it becomes feasible to bring productive industry in the modern factory sense to wherever people choose to live. A small town can support as many factories as there are potential workers to operate them. It need not be a town with water power of its own, or with a coal mine of its own, or a town on tide water. It can just be a town where people like the scenery, or the air, or the social advantages.

The implications of this decentralizing of power are wider than almost anything in our social organization, far wider than anything that the lamp accomplished alone. For people can remain in the country in relative happiness even if their winter reading is done by a kerosene lamp; they can eat comfortably, even aesthetically, by candle light; the chicken house does not have to be electrically lit for a contented hen to perform her age-old function and the cow will still give down her milk by lantern light; but light or no light, men cannot stay in even the most attractive country if they cannot make a living there. That is why they went to the cities. Now that an electrically-run factory can be established anywhere within three hundred miles of a generating plant, while the workers can live anywhere within the distance over which an automobile will carry them by eight o'clock, they seem to be coming back to the countryside.

THERE are regions in the Northwest, in California, in the new South, even in New York State, where this is undoubtedly happening. Since 1914, when really efficient transmission of power was getting under way, there has been a definite trend upward for power consumed by industry in Pennsylvania communities of less than ten thousand population. It is surely true that the drift of population to the cities in search of work has been checked electrically in many parts of Ontario. I have seen it myself.

If the generally accepted theory should happen to be true—that women have gone into industry because they preferred it to housework, and that the Home and the Family have disintegrated in consequence—then a reversal of the process either by making housework pleasanter than factory work, or by making it so easy that it is possible to combine the two, might create conditions under which the Home and with it the Family will be resumed. Certainly the only agency in sight which has a chance of accomplishing this is electric power.

The Frontier of Domestic Convenience is no longer established by light alone, but by every electron that works for us—and there seem to be more electrons in the universe than almost anything else. Forty-eight years ago the electric lamp was delivered to a happy public from Pearl Street, C. O. D. In the interest of the Home, where no skill can spend one dollar twice, it is important to live up to the axiom which was then established. "Light at any price is worth all you have to pay for it"—but no more!

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That Blamed Old Fool

By MARY EDNA McCHRISTIE

Illustrations by Esther Andrews

FATHER was *at least* sixty-five, massaged, manicured; a dresser, too, tie, handkerchief, sox of the same purple family, white carnation, noisy light tan shoes, a walking-stick, although Mother insisted upon calling it a cane. Pathetically debonair, challenging age.

Why was this white-haired man sitting at the clerk's desk in the Court of Domestic Relations filling out a divorce plaintiff's questionnaire? Intrigued, we listened, and in ten minutes our plaintiff had answered the simple questions that set into motion the legal machinery necessary to cancel a relationship contentedly filling his life for forty-nine years.

Hiding all personal curiosity, and assuring him of our desire to serve (in typical social-worker fashion) we insisted that he tell his story.

"You see, Miss, a man keeps young. I'm nearly sixty-seven, now would you believe it?"

Undoubtedly Eve never hesitated when Adam asked her the same question.

"Why no, we never dreamed you were *that* age."

"You see," he continued, "Mother's getting old. Why, do you know, she won't even shorten her skirts? She's fat, too." Unconsciously Father preened his rather slender physique. "O, she was a wonderful mother to our two boys—they're both married now. She's a fine cook and an A-1 housekeeper, but some way, Miss, Mother makes me feel old."

He lowered his voice. "She doesn't want me to go out after sundown—says the night air makes my rheumatism worse."

Mother

Then leaning nearer, Father whispered his last bit of illuminating information. "Mother seems to have forgotten that I'm a man. I hope you won't be offended at my plain talk." Then even more cautiously, "Mother don't seem to stimulate me much. You understand, Miss, you understand."

In spite of objections to corporal punishment my hand itched to give Father the same treatment accorded a naughty seven-year old, but sixty-odd winters and summers demand respectful technique. What to do?

After Father had seated himself in our most comfortable chair, generalities were discussed. Running true to social-worker form, a pleasant contact was made. And later, rather abruptly, Father was asked this question: "What would you do if your wife decides to appear against you—suppose she contests the case?"

Was it imagination, or did the white carnation on Father's coat lapel wilt as his spirits drooped?

Quickly recovering his assurance, jumping up from his chair, he walked around the office excitedly. "Good Lord, I hope not. I couldn't say anything against Mother if she was here—couldn't anyway. My attorney suggested gross neglect and cruelty, but that ain't so either—Mother's been good to me. It's just age."

Looking beyond Father one could visualize this couple starting out together at eighteen. Most of the way compelled to watch the road under their feet, only occasionally privileged to look up at the stars. At sixty-five, Mother, looking straight ahead, plodded contentedly along, happy that Father was there beside her; but he, open minded and intrigued by youth, possibly attempted a detour.

And this side-stepping brought to mind the old three-word slogan, bromidic but effective, "Find the woman." After nearly fifty years of apparent contentment, who was the woman or girl who made Mother seem old and uninteresting? Who was Father's unseen agitator? What her approach, her technique, her promise?

Hundreds of cases are registered in divorce courts everywhere because some man, some woman, somewhere is standing nearby sympathizing, flattering, subtly urging separation. There are cases beyond number where conditions never become consciously

Goldie

and

Father

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"Goldie flounced down beside Father. . . . Pa kept his eyes glued to the floor"

acknowledged as intolerable until a third party supplies the suggestion that promises a glorious new love experience.

"But my dear man, you are giving up a good wife, a home. Won't you both be terribly lonely? Who is going to look after you?"

Oh for an artist to immortalize the look in Father's eyes! Shy, flattered, half-apologetic for being such a "heller with the ladies"—with a momentary sparkle of youth and adventure—all these varied and fleeting expressions made us realize that the second "mamma" would be quite, quite young. No middle-aged woman could ever prove quite so inspirational.

"My good woman" (already his interviewer was being relegated to the age group that draws louder tones and slower diction), "I'll tell you why I'm taking this step. I didn't mean to, but I've got to talk to somebody. In my barber shop where I go to get fixed up they've got a new girl—a manicurist—I never needed one—always used my knife. The barber introduced us—joking her about me havin' plenty of money and needin' a trimmin'—and do you know she seemed to be attracted to me instantly? She did my nails, and every Saturday afternoon we have the nicest time—and Miss—she held my hand so confidin' like that I didn't care if she never finished. I'm not used to present-day courtin' methods. With Mother I had to declare myself before I was allowed even to kiss her—but me-o-my—this little pippin kissed me the first time she met me—you see she's got no parents—she's lonely and blue, and she said right out that she wanted me for her 'sugar daddy'."

No use to tell our naive innocent that under the circumstances divorce was unnecessary. There are things that even sixty-five must learn. In Father's unsophisticated existence the only consummation to a love affair was marriage. At this point he was as lovable, and inspired as much tenderness as a child timidly asking his first curious question.

"You see, Miss, Mother is self-reliant. She can take care of herself, but this little girl—I've just got to look after her—specially now since she's told me she loves me—" Half appealingly he awaited the court's confirmation.

There Father sat—emblematic of the old psychology; ever new, ever tragic! The man's last feverish clutching for youth and its thrills, the woman's complacent acceptance of age and its handicaps. Mother at home, contented, broad of hip, petticoated, comfortably tired by nine o'clock. Father massaged, with a wheezing slenderness, youthfully dressed, longing for a new love experience.

Realizing that Mother must be seen before any plan could be made, we asked if there were anything we could do to lessen the shock and make Mother understand why he was leaving? Would he like us to visit his home and talk with her?

With suspicious alertness Father decided that the court visitor would prove an effective pacifier. He thought a note, preceding the formal court notice would be less disturbing, so with much hesitation and many pathetic flourishes he wrote:

Dear Mother:—

I take my pen in hand to tell you that I ain't comin' home again. Not that I have anything against you, Mother. But there's a little girl who seems daffy over me—she needs me bad and says so. She threatens suicide if I don't look after her. She loves me, and I can't jilt her. You are a common-sense woman, Martha, and I know you'll understand. *Don't* worry and *don't* contest the case. Anyway, I don't like to have you mixed up with court. I'll do what's right—you know that. You keep the house and everything in it—the girl wants new stuff anyway. Mother, you've been a good wife. You gave me two fine boys. I won't take my clothes—need new ones anyway.

God bless you,

Yours affectionately,

Father.

P. S. Don't write the boys 'till it's over—with business bad and everything, it might worry them.

With the aid of a pencil, a sheet of court stationery, and a hundred words or so, Father kindly but irrevocably relegated Mother to the "unclassified column" and stepped forward eagerly to meet his thrilling new love.

Our plan quickly outlined itself. A conference with the plaintiff's attorney (we sent up a prayer that he be socially minded and not legalistic); an arrangement to delay the filing of the petition because this drastic step, with its attendant publicity, often militates against an adjustment; a summons to our youthful gold-digger; a simulated divorce hearing, with a surreptitious call to Mother to appear at the psychological moment. All these things suggested themselves if Mother "belonged"—a sense of humor being the password.

For Father and his exciting detour challenged our whole system of attempted adjustments. Frankly (between us egotistical social workers) we felt moderately certain that

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our "sugar daddy" would continue to carry home Mother's groceries from the same old stand where he had traded for nearly fifty years.

That evening a call was made at Father's home, and tucked away in the referee's purse was that illuminating bit of psychology addressed to Mother. A comfortable home, a kitchen suggestive of everything good to eat, yards of crochet tacked to pantry shelves, doilies, embroidery—all indicative of the woman who stayed at home, living contentedly, without even knowing the name of the screen's greatest lover.

Creamed hominy, sausage, hot biscuit, awaited our derelict father who at that moment was dissipating in a "self-serve," straining his rheumatic arms to carry the heavy tray of his newly-found seventeen-year-old.

And Mother! Fat and unashamed, face shining, nails unacquainted with polish, hair unbobbed, becomingly dressed for sixty-five, with a healthy joy of living and a warm sparkle in her eye—we counted much upon that sparkle—Mother, the essence of sweetness.

A surgeon, suddenly realizing he was compelled to operate without first giving an anaesthetic, might have understood the helpless, panicky feeling which was ours when we realized that neither technique nor words would serve as an effective anaesthetic for Mother's operation.

When she heard that her visitor was connected with the Court of Domestic Relations, she was polite, but not particularly interested. What had divorce to do with her? Sixty-five, married nearly fifty years, and Father as dependable as an old Seth Thomas clock.

"Our little delinquent . . . was gathered into Mother's lap . . ."

But the visitor persisted in talking divorce. She related stories of the many couples appearing at court because of some imaginary grievance—incompatibility, jealousy, a new love; how they impulsively applied for divorce, but after an enforced interim of six weeks of so-called refrigeration withdrew their petitions. Mother had never heard of a reconciliation department, where cases are often adjusted between the time of the filing of the petition and the hearing of the case. She was also initiated into the potential elasticity of those two overworked causes, gross neglect and cruelty, masks for anything from mannerisms to murder.

Mention was made, rather pointedly, of the number of older men, sometimes sixty-five or seventy, who deserted faithful wives because they imagined they were in love with young girls. We explained that often this involved no change of feeling, but was only a desperate reaching-out for youth and its thrills.

Tactfully, deftly, slowly, the visitor talked on. Mother began to look queer. What her mental processes were no one knew, but by degrees realization came.

Catching hold of the worker's wrist, Mother looked her straight in the face. "Listen, lady, did you come here to tell me that Pa is that man? Has Pa been to court to get a divorce from me?"

"Yes," the worker hurried to soften the blow, "but that means nothing. Some little gold-digger has probably met him, and he thinks he's in love. He isn't. He adores you. I wish you could have heard how beautifully he spoke of you."

"Yes, we do that with the dead." She sat there, ominously quiet, hands shaking as they lay tightly clasped in her generous lap.

Then aloud, never seeing her visitor, she rambled on. "Now I understand those Saturdays. Always fussy about his clothes, but more so lately. Champin' at the bit and ready to go. Wantin' to leave off his heavies—run the risk of pneumonia; getting shaved, even having his nails burnished; wearing his best suit, always a clean shirt with Sunday comin' the next day. Now I understand."

The visitor, interrupting, philosophized about men in general, but Mother didn't seem to hear. She discussed men's emotional make-up as compared with women. How many of them could love one woman devotedly and get a real thrill out of kissing another, either actually or in imagination. How one sex must try to understand the biological urge of the other. Mother was dazed over B.U., mentioned so casually. On and on the worker talked, giving Mother time to control herself.

Rocking back and forth she began reminiscing, saying all kinds of unintelligible things. The time their boy had scarlet fever and nearly died—Pa was so good to her then; how her wedding dress had faded; her first cake and how they laughed; their honeymoon trip to Niagara Falls and what fun they had; the time Davey was born and Pa walked two miles to pick some white violets and slip them into her hand; the day they stepped into their new home and Pa lifted her high (she was young then and slender) kissed her and shocked the neighbors; all the crises of their forty-nine years together crossed her consciousness.

The worker sniffed as if something smelled most appetizing, for Ma needed action. Later she was invited to stay to tea, to sit in Pa's place. (*Continued on page* 55)

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New Pilgrims in Israel

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

THE responsibility of the English administration in Palestine for the orgy of looting, burning and bloodshed which has lately overwhelmed that unhappy country is too obvious to call for comment. Pledged by article 2 of the mandate of the League of Nations to "be responsible for placing the country under such political administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish national home," the English have allowed the "home" to be invaded, its contents plundered, and its inmates slaughtered. One thinks of the bitter passage in Feuchtwanger's novel, Power—

> Ai, these two cool, languid city-guards at the gate of the Ghetto, what protection would they be against a horde of a thousand robbers and murderers?
> Ai, they saw clearly now how the officials and councillors put their hands behind their backs, that unhindered the rabble might fall upon the defenceless Jews!
> Ai, the dire need! . . . Ai, the defenceless and riven tents of Jacob!

Of course, one cannot accuse the English officials of "putting their hands behind their backs," and thus conspiring with murder. These officials were guilty not of conspiracy but of miscalculation. And this miscalculation, I must believe, had its rootage in a sympathy for the Arab and a contempt for the Jew which blinded the administration to the need of rigorously controlling the one and patiently protecting the other.

No one can understand the situation, at least as regards the English administration, who does not recognize that England is in Palestine primarily not to "secure the establishment of the Jewish national home," but to secure the safety of the British Empire. The imperial interests in the Near East are enormous. All through this region—north, south, and east to India—are peoples who by blood and faith are brothers to the Palestine Arabs. To win the favor of these Arabs is to win the favor of the Moslem world; to alienate these Arabs would be to alienate this world. It is not only advantageous but necessary for Britain to live on good terms with the native population of the land. And this the demands of Zion will not allow! The Jews, living in Palestine under the pledge of the mandate, exact a protection which the Arabs insist upon interpreting as hostile to themselves. The Zionist movement is therefore an embarrassment, an obstruction, to wise British policy. The English imperialist regards it in any case as sentimental and quixotic, a mad adventure doomed sooner or later to failure. Meanwhile it is in his way, and thus a constant irritation to his mind. In such mood he is variously indifferent, contemptuous, antagonistic in his relations with the Jews. And with the Arabs as quickly cooperative as circumstances will permit.

What inclines the English to curry favor with the Arabs of Palestine is the obstinacy of these Arabs in themselves refusing favor. I shall never forget the day when I met with a group of Arab leaders in Jerusalem—lawyers, journalists, politicians—to hear a statement of their case against the Jews, only to be overwhelmed with a ferocious statement of their case against the English. I can see these men now as they raged against the mandatory authorities. Their indictment went back to the bitter disappointment and disillusionment following the War, when the establishment of an all-Arab state was refused them. Their passion for this state was still as hot as ever. Meanwhile, here in Palestine, why were they denied self-government, at least the measure of autonomy which they enjoyed under the Turk? The British Government had treated with the Hedjaz tribes, and established an independent kingdom under the rule of King Feisal. Upon the semi-civilized tribes of Trans-Jordania the English had conferred a large degree of sovereignty. With the Syrians France was negotiating a constitution. Only the Arabs of Palestine were denied their share of self-government. The Jews, of course, were to blame. They had blocked the all-Arab state in the interests of Zion. They were now preventing any grant of local political control to subdue their interests to the rule of the native population. These Jews, in other words, were interfering with Arab rights. They were stealing government from the Arabs as they had long since been snatching land. They were robbing the Arabs of their country. And England was permitting it! Thus is the flame that burns in the Holy Land. The August riots started in a religious dispute over the famous Wailing Wall. The fanaticism involved in this dispute was but fuel that kindled from the fires of political and racial revolt.

IT is not to be thought that the illiterate masses of the Arab population have any conscious or intelligent part in political grievances of this kind. They knew little of the Arab state, and care nothing for self-government. But what the educated Arab thinks, the ignorant *fellaheen* feels. What expresses itself in the cultivated Arab houses in Jerusalem as a deliberate agitation for political reform, is found beneath the goat-skin tent, upon the land, as a smouldering sense of racial outrage and peril. The nomad reacts when he is driven from his ancestral soil by Jews, whose ways are strange and language unfamiliar. Who are these people whose plows devour more land in an hour than their own plows can cover in a day; whose orchards creep like a flood over the countryside and chase the flocks to the barren hills; who send inspectors into the villages and order things done differently from what they have been done since the days of the fathers; whose women dress like men, and whose gods are alien?

They seem kindly, these newcomers, and live at peace. Wherever the Jews have had time to get acquainted with the Arabs and share with them their lives, the two have become friends and fellow-workers. But the Jews are still on the fringe of the Arab world. Not yet have they penetrated the Arab population. In the empty stretches of this land live the remoter hordes, the wild nomads of the hills and the Bedouin horsemen of the desert, who know the *Chaluzim* not as workers, but as invaders who would drive

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them from their country. These Arabs, undisturbed for centuries—illiterate, superstitious, fanatical, savage—are afraid for themselves and their possessions. And their fear is tinder which catches fire at the casual spark struck by the friction of contact between alien races, and leaps into flame at the breath of agitation. It is these wild hordes, linked far closer to the Syrians to the north and the Trans-Jordanians to the east than to their own kinsmen of Judea, it is these and not the Arab workmen of town and village, who have added one more ghastly chapter of waste and woe to the history of Israel.

NOTHING in Palestine is more conspicuous than the vast gulf which separates the civilizations of Jews and Arabs; and nothing is more tragic than the contemplation of the loss of what the Jew can bring, and has already richly brought to Zion. Listen to a parable from my own experience:

Rains heavier and longer than any that Palestine had seen in more than a generation, rains torrential enough to convince the hardiest sceptic of the reality of Noah's flood, had swollen the rivers, put much of the land under water, and made all but the main roads impassable. So we had stopped our automobile at an appointed spot on the historic highway between Jerusalem and Tiberias, to take horses placed there at our disposal by the *Chaluzim*. The deluge had ceased for a few hours, but the skies were dark and threatening, the air cold with storm.

A scant quarter of a mile brought us to an Arab village of some five hundred souls. All the houses were of mud, built low to the ground, with a hole here and there as a vent, and a door through which crawled man and beast to the foul straw and smoky atmosphere within. Behind the houses were huge piles of dried camel's dung, for fuel. Debris and filth were everywhere. A dog was devouring some kind of dead animal by the road; a forlorn and close-wrapped figure was passing among the houses; two bare-footed women were trudging over the flooded fields bearing huge bundles of brush upon their heads. Of all the five hundred people of this village, these were the only ones I saw. The rainy season in Palestine is miserable with wet and cold, and through its brief period the native inhabitants hibernate like animals.

AS we moved through the village—four horses in single file—it began to rain again. The horses plunged into the mire well up to their knees. Now and then we would leave the road and try the pastures, only to find ourselves more deeply in the mud than ever. Yet was I upborne by the sight of a region which unrolled the panorama of a memorable past, and the prospect of an adventurous and heroic future.

On my right was the long range of the mountains which ran from Jordan westward to the sea. Their craggy sides loomed high above us, with occasional low growths of brush and shrubs, sloping areas of pasture land, but mostly the worn and wasted stretches of the most barren country I have ever seen. These mountains were wild—at one place we saw three boars go dashing across our road. Yet wherever there was pasture there were sheep, clustered in shivering groups about a shepherd so swathed in garments as to seem a kind of mummy against the dripping landscape. These lonely men were out in the open sometimes for days, even weeks, at a time, and were hardened against all severities of climate. In dress, habit, inner life they were as much like the shepherd's of Jesus's day as their sheep were like the sheep which the Nazarene saw and used in parable.

On my left stretched the rich plain of Esdraelon, as green as the summer field of England. Here was the great highway and battleground of the centuries between East and West. Like a gash from some giant hand, it cut the mountains and gave access from the Mediterranean to the Jordan and far beyond. Through this valley had passed and repassed every army from the days of the most ancient Egyptians to the days of the English and the Turks in 1917. Tiglath-Pileser and Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzer and Cyrus, Alexander and Pompey, Godfrey de Bouillon and Richard Coeur-de-Lion, Ali and Saladin, Napoleon and Allenby, all had crossed this valley and looked upon these hills. Deep in the rich soil of the plain mingled the bones and arms of Philistines, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Turks, and all European peoples. Here flowed the spring where Gideon chose his three hundred for the defense of Israel; there stood Gilboa where Saul was defeated and slain with Jonathan, his son; yonder was Baizan where Saul's head was nailed up for all to see after his overthrow. If nature were not kind, these grass and stones would bear the stains of all the wars of all the last seven thousand years. But nature *is* kind, and Esdraelon lies green, beautiful and peaceful beneath the gaze of the passing traveler.

AHEAD we could see nothing but the miry road skirting the base of these interminable hills, the ditches and dripping landscape, the rain like a curtain of mist in the distance. Suddenly, as we crawled around a bend in the trail, I espied a clump of houses—long, low-lying sheds, or barracks, with bright roofs and hanging eaves, huddled close together as though for comfort in the storm. This was Ain Harod, a colony of some one hundred and twenty Jewish families, founded in 1923. Here we were to stop for refreshment and inspection.

Inside the village the going was worse, if anything, than without, just one stretch of mire which engulfed the buildings like a flood. Men and women in heavy boots, and close-wrapped against the chilling cold, were plodding here and there besmeared with mud up to their knees. A stalwart Amazon, mounted upon a cart which sank again and again to the hubs, was lashing a team of four mules across the court-yard. The great dining-hall, where the settlers ate together, stood open to the wind and rain, streaked from end to end with dirt tracked in by crowding feet, and bare of everything but the long wooden benches and uncovered tables. I had seen many a prison "commons" which was more attractive.

Entering a cheerless vestibule, we were passed into a small bare room, with only tables and benches. Here, however, we were greeted by hospitable hands and hearts, and steaming hot tea, fresh eggs and milk, sweet bread and butter were set before us. I had had nothing to eat since an early breakfast in Jerusalem. I was wet and chilled to the bone. But this tea warmed the gullet, these eggs were like eggs we had at home; this bread was manna in the wilderness. I began to feel better. Yet a melancholy seemed still to enwrap my spirit as the rain and the cold had enwrapped my body. Everything looked so bare and ugly, so poor, so

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primitive, so bereft of all that made for comfort, beauty, even good health. How did these people stand this life, and what promise did it give of anything either permanent or lovely in the vision of Zion?

When we arose from our meal, we turned to the left instead of to the right, by which we had entered. And here . . . was I dreaming? Before me was a charming room, warmed to a temperature of beatific comfort, clean as a hospital ward, crowded with little white-iron beds, and in each bed, enthroned in clean, soft linen, a rosy child! This was the nursery of Ain Harod. Here the children were brought when they were born, to be cared for through their early months. A communal nursery, where all the strength, intelligence and love of the settlement could focus its energy upon the ideal up-bringing of *all* the babies. The food for these infants was prepared according to the best dietary standards. In another room some older children were playing happily inside their kindergarten "pens."

IT seemed, as I looked, that I had come into another world. And so it seemed again, a half-hour later, when, splashing and floundering through the mud on a tour of inspection about the settlement, I came to a building that was different from the rest. It was fenced off and set back from the road, surrounded by trees and bushes which must be gorgeous and fragrant with blossoms in the sunny weather of this tropic clime. A welcome path led from the gate on through the clustering shrubs to a wide doorway which opened on a roomy hall. To the left was a reception room; to the right an office, with businesslike desk and chairs, a telephone, diplomas and charts upon the walls, and in the center an alert young man, clad in surgeon's coat and apron, who beamed upon me with smiles and open hands. I was in a hospital, and this was the head physician.

I have seldom had so curious a feeling as that which dogged me as I examined this hospital. Here I was, 8,000 miles or more distant from New York. In recent weeks I had passed through countries and dwelt in cities which were bestrewn with the crumbling monuments of dead civilizations. In all these lands I had seen native populations whose primitive conditions of meagre and dirty living had come down unchanged from ages not yet uncovered to the historian's eye. This very day I had seen reeking mud huts of the Arab such as had dotted this land for a thousand years; I had passed shepherds and sheep which might have been spectres from Abraham's day! My path was lonely as the trails of the dead. And here, as though a magician had suddenly waved his wand, I was moving through the rooms of a hospital which, apart from the contracted spaced and crude architecture of the simple wooden building, might have been a wing of some institution on Fifth Avenue.

Everything was on a small scale, of course. And there were no quiet laboratories, X-ray rooms, or operating arenas. These luxuries belong to a civilization that can afford them. But here, in this remote corner of a lost wasted land, was all that science needed for its essential work. To right and left of the hall-way, in the rear, were the men's and the women's wards—clean, wholesome, bright with snowy linen, warm with the smiles of contented faces. Sixty beds, I was told, eighty in emergency, with a wing now under construction for many more! I expressed amazement that so many beds were needed for a settlement no larger than Ain Harod. Whereupon I learned that this hospital was not a local institution, but a medical center, maintained by the great workers' organization of Palestine, for *all* the valley, Arab and Jew.

When a prospective mother approached her time, for example, she was conveyed here from her village, near or far, and here brought her child into the world. "How many babies do you have," I asked the head-physician. "We average about 250 a year," he replied. Then, with an eager smile, he continued, "Last month (January) we had thirty-one—a baby a day. That was a record."

But my curiosity went deeper. I had seen the young women in these settlements, and been astonished at the work they were doing. Not merely in the kitchens and dining-halls, but in the cattle-barns, out in the harvest fields, and elsewhere, they toiled side by side in all things with the men, like the Amazon driving the four-mule team through that sea of mud. In Dilb I had seen two young women doing some of the hardest labor in a great barn filled with some fifty-odd cows. On the edge of Petah Tikwah was a small settlement in which all the inhabitants were women, who performed, of course, all the labor of the place. And these women I had noticed to be magnificient physical specimens. Not beautiful in the luxurious sense of the word, but such vitality, such glowing health, such sturdy, native pride!

"How do these women stand child-birth," I asked. "Are they afraid? Do they have much trouble?

"No trouble at all," said the physician. "It never bothers us, or them. It is rare for a woman to be in labor more than an hour or two."

WAS there ever such a combination of utterly primitive living with the best of scientific method and equipment? I asked this question again and again when I met the trained veterinary riding his horse through the mud and rain to visit the cattle. And again, when I visited the hospitals in Jerusalem (where there *were* laboratories and X-ray paraphernalia!), the Straus health centers, and the nurses' training school! And yet again when, in this ancient and poverty-stricken land, I saw the kindergartens, the high-schools and technical institutes, and the great university on Mt. Scopus. It is as though the Pilgram fathers had crossed the Atlantic with physicians and scientists, had built hospitals and schools in Plymouth and Duxbury, and had seen their offspring reared by trained nurses and expert child specialists.

Never in all history has a pionering movement been so equipped with the machinery and technique necessary for the realization of ideal social life upon the earth. These *Chaluzim* have all the spirit of devotion and sacrifice that ever men and women had anywhere. In addition they have what their predecessors in other ages, in strange, forbidding lands, have never had—the resources of the most highly developed and carefully organized body of knowledge that the world has ever known. Just because of this fact, these Jewish settlers, whatever the initial difficulties and the recurring dangers and discouragements in their adventure, are already far advanced toward the fulfilment of more than man has dared to dream.

This is the dream that is menaced; the dream in the fulfilment of which lies the future hope of Palestine, of Arab as well as Jew. To this ancient country, to civilizations incredibly remote in faith and race the Jews are bringing more than a national ideal: the vision of what the modern world might mean to all men of good will. This must not perish.

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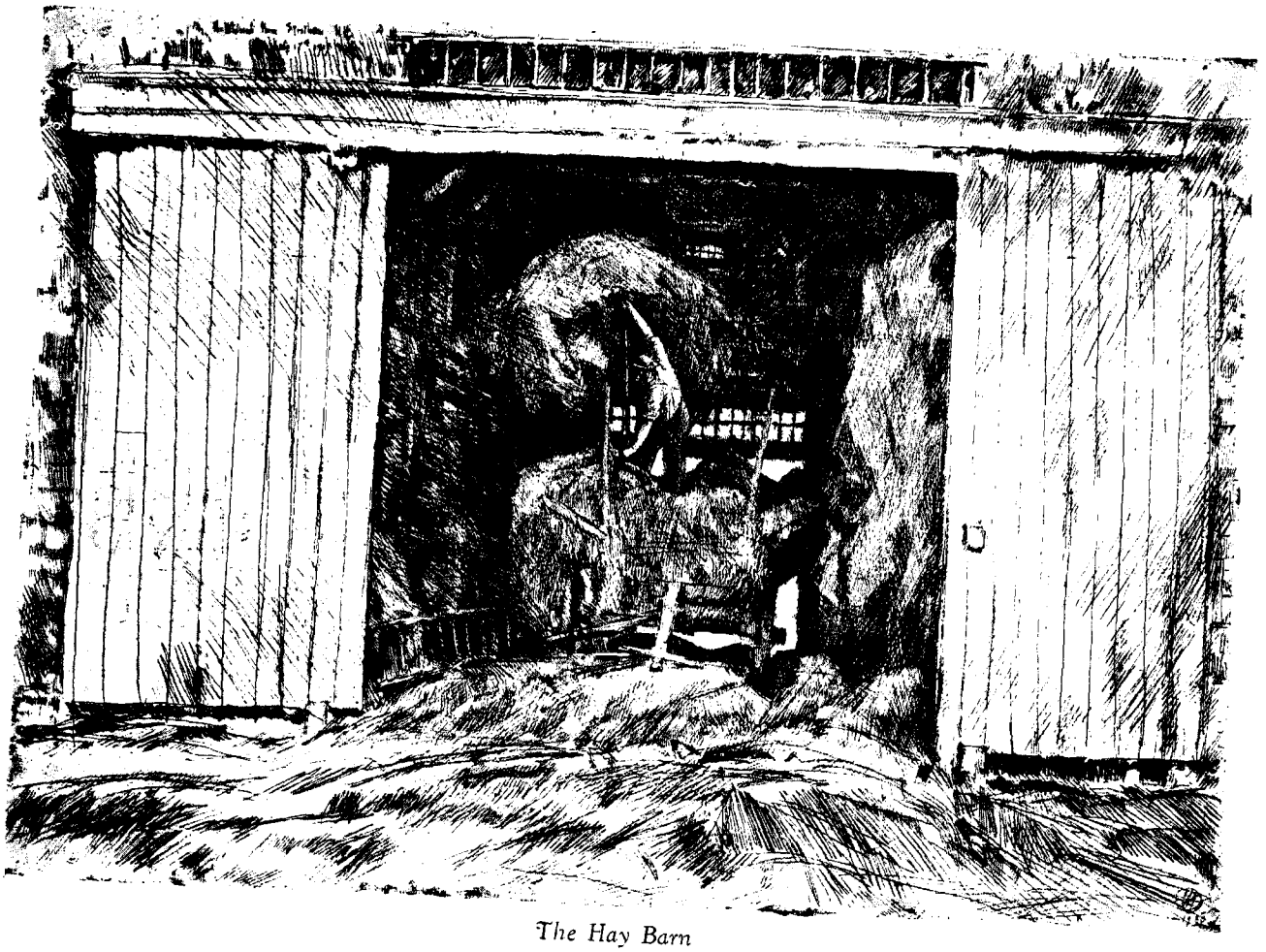

The Hay Barn

Contentment Under the Elms

Etchings by CHILDE HASSAM

HE has been spoken of as Childe Hassam, Puritan. At any rate his ancestry is American of the sixteen hundreds, he was born in Boston, and has spent most of his seventy years in the east of this country among people of taste and gracious living. An eastern gentleman, rather. Long ago he aligned himself to Monet and the Impressionists, became absorbed in sunlight and shadow. Every honor that a country can give an artist seems to have been awarded him. He has chosen his time and he remains true to it.

He portrays an America of dignity, substance, stability. The majority of his paintings and etchings are concerned with charming phases of an extra-industrial order; yet when in such prints as Fifth Avenue, Noon, and the Floor of the Stock Exchange, in such paintings as Allies' Day, he gives us the modern city in its enormity, there is no change in mood—it is still remote, an enchanting spectacle. His is a world of well-being. He lingers among great elms, old vines, spacious houses; he views with delight the lacy waters of a quiet shore, old harbors spiked with masts. They are, as his friend, Joseph Pennell, pointed out, "the subjects you know, the motives about you that you have always known."

Portsmouth Doorway

Such scenes as these reproduced from his etchings spell vacationland for most of us, they sweep us back to the fresh smell of earth and grass, the flickering shadows on quiet streets, to the salt in the breeze, to serenity. They are in the tradition of that other New Englander, Thoreau: "Why should we live with such hurry and waste of life? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches today to save nine tomorrow. As for *work*, we haven't any of any consequence. We have the Saint Vitus' dance and cannot possibly keep our heads still." But Childe Hassam's doorways seem to open on tranquillity and gracious quietude.

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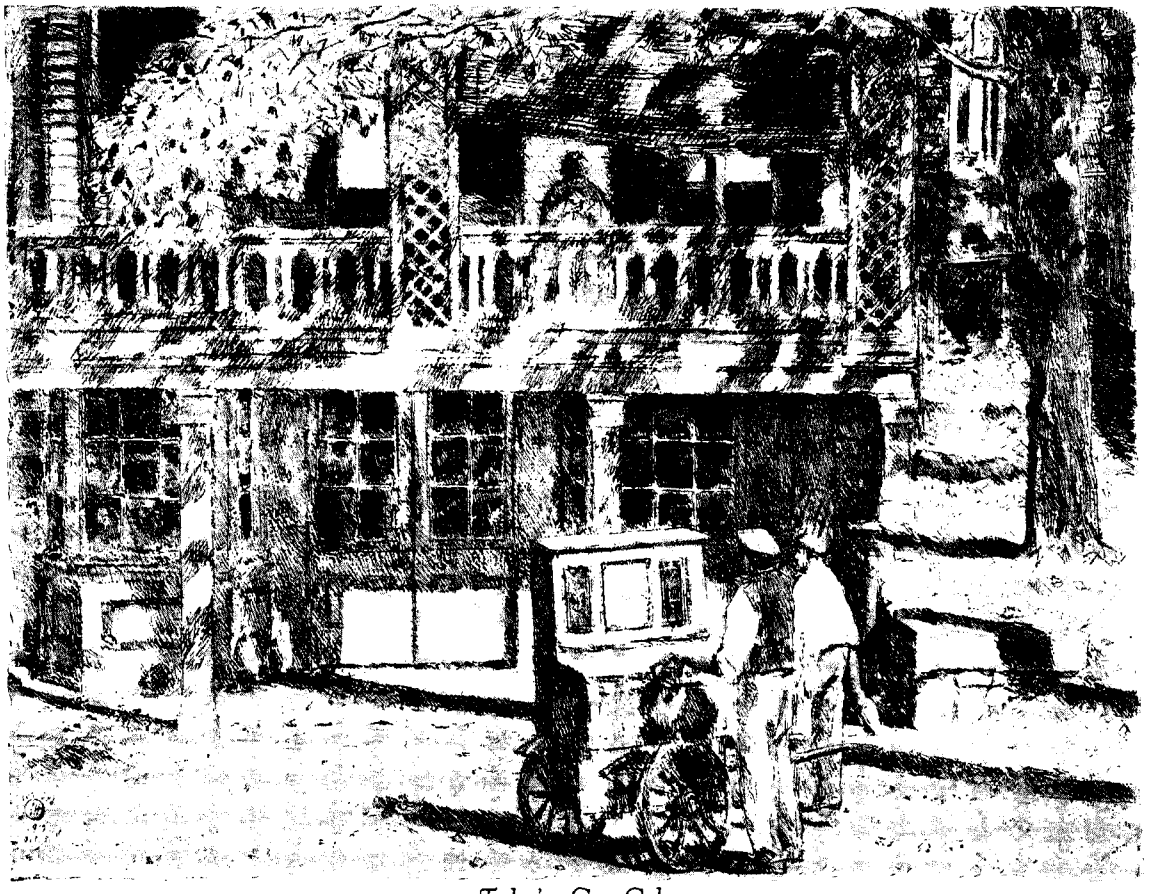
Easthampton



Toby's. Cos Cob

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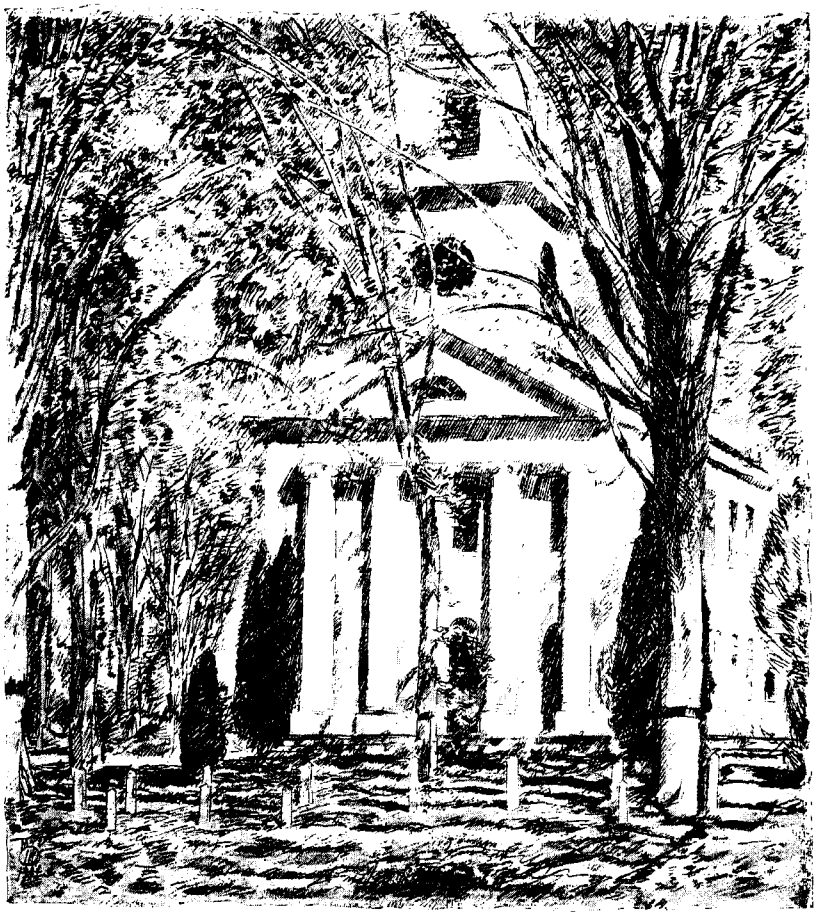
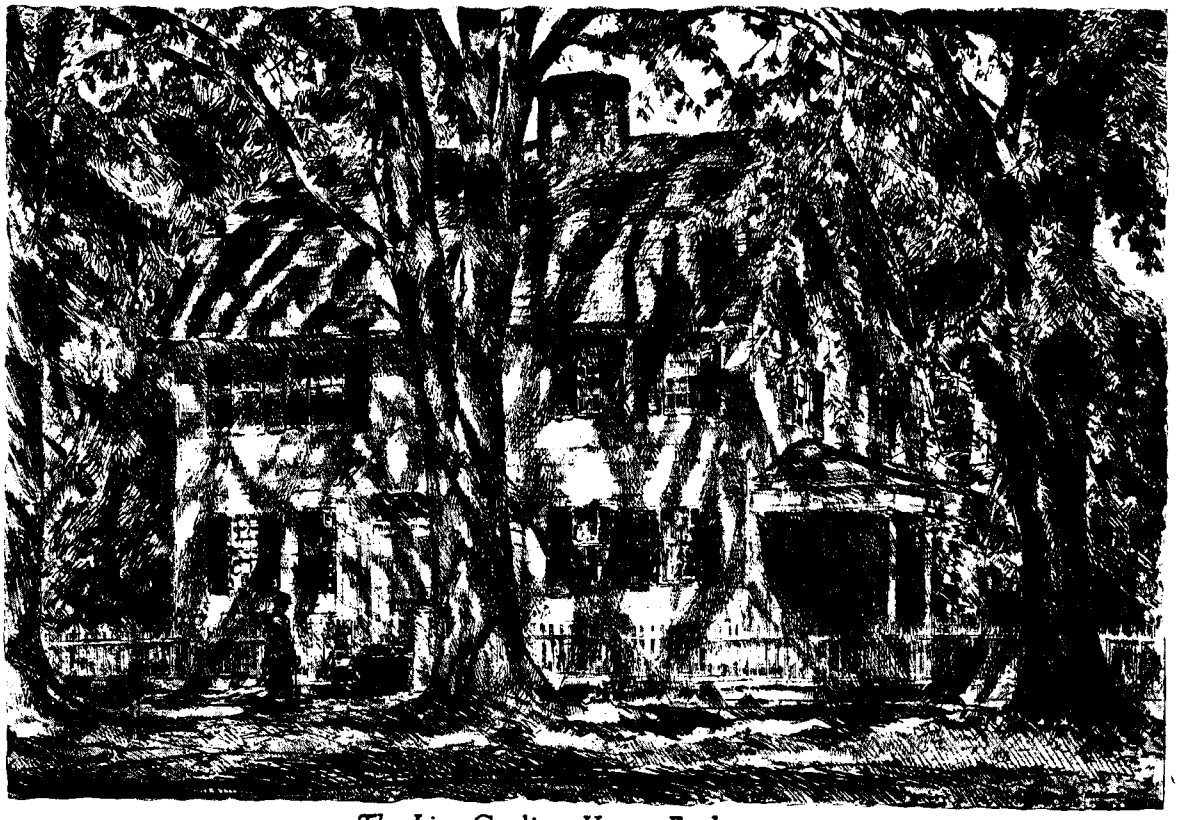


Church at Old Lyme

Mr. Hassam's etchings are reproduced by courtesy of the Kleeman-Thorman Galleries, New York



The Lion Gardiner House, Easthampton

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Undertow

By ELEANORE RAYMOND

"I THOUGHT I'd tell you," said a childless friend one morning over the telephone, "how much I admire your home atmosphere. Yesterday when I ran in you were having such a good time all by yourselves it made me feel envious. What a lovely child Nancy is—my goodness, what a vocabulary for a girl of her age! And John—well, I wish I had John."

"M-mm, why, thank you," I said feebly, and changed the subject, feeling rather guilty yet aware of the humor in the situation. If the lady could have been a hidden auditor five minutes before she rang the bell she would have had a different slant upon the beauties of our home life.

Our sixteen-year-old son was having what might elegantly be called a holy tantrum because his father and I—mostly I—were insisting that he attend Parsonage Club meeting held that Sunday evening at six o'clock. With his hand upon the doorknob, his face screwed up in anger and disgust, he was demanding the whyness, to which I was replying vaguely,

"Well, I wish you to. It's the thing to do" and so on.

This was received with a distainful sniff; he'd been to church in the morning, he'd ushered—what more did we want? Then we were informed that before long—thank Heaven—he'd be free to do exactly as he pleased, go as he pleased, wear what he pleased *when* he pleased.

At that moment the bell rang. A miraculous transformation took place before our eyes: an amiable, sweet-faced, smiling boy flung open the door to our caller, greeted her graciously, told her he was sorry he was leaving but that he couldn't miss Parsonage Club, and called back an affectionate "Good-by, mother," as he dashed down the steps.

When our visitor rang Nancy, our thirteen-year-old daughter, sat sulky and sullen because every other child on the street was out roller-skating and she couldn't go. John, to her mind, had the freedom of a lord. She eyed him with disgust as he ranted. A Parsonage Club to her was a wild diversion compared with the boredom which she was enduring in the society of her parents. There was nothing to do. She'd read every book in the house. She'd had a horrid time all day. Why couldn't she make candy? What difference if she had taken castor oil the day before? But at the sound of the bell Nancy leaped to her feet, switched on a charming smile, and cordially helped seat the guest.

During the call Nancy was very talkative, far too talkative, to my mind. It seemed to me that in every possible way she was calling attention to herself, dominating, directing the conversation. I debated whether or not to speak to her about it after Mrs. Powers should leave. If I did so, I knew she would flare up and very cleverly, very subtly, convey to me that I didn't like her talking so much because it kept me silent. I decided her father would better speak to her; she was never antagonistic when he had anything to say, but I knew he'd have to handle the matter carefully or she'd know I put him up to it. Tense, uneasy, not knowing what tale would roll out of Nancy next, I greeted the departure of the guest with a feeling of relief.

"You looked at me so cross, mother," said Nancy a moment later. "You're always cross when anyone comes in."

And this was the envied atmosphere. Rebellion, on John's part; and between Nancy and me that subtle, hidden pull and drive, one personality seeking to down the other. One might dismiss this as a harmless family spat, from which we emerged loving each other the more, nothing to make a fuss over, no indication of a degeneracy of character which some later day would result in a bank robbery or the murderous use of a sash weight. That is as it may be. My husband and I could meekly accept a scene like the above as the inevitable gouge of the serpent's tooth and comfortably enjoy our martyrdom. But I believe that these little episodes do dramatize deep underlying forces which are at work at varying degrees of intensity and danger in home life and that they have a significance that is overlooked by the casual bystander and the actual participants themselves.

AN analysis of this incident may help to prove this point. A greater emphasis is laid upon Nancy's attitude than upon John's, for hers, to my mind, represents the more disturbing situation. John is a strong, healthy boy who has many interests. He is not consciously or unconsciously in conflict with his father. He likes me pretty well. His emotional outbursts do him good and he never cherishes resentments. This flare-up really didn't mean much, for he had the satisfaction of stating exactly what was in his mind, and he knew that he had the better of me in the argument. I thought he *ought* to go but I had no real reason and he knew it.

My husband and I—again, mostly I—are too much influenced in the handling of the Sunday problem by the fact that as children we were forced to live in a strictly pious atmosphere. We hated Sunday with a deadly hatred. My husband says he did not mind going to church so much because it gave him a chance to have a weekly fight before Sunday school with the minister's son, but I had no such diversion. In an antagonistic mood I listened to the service, antagonistic because of a feeling of guilt over not being able to enjoy it. Some phrase in the prayer or sermon relating to duty like a thorn of righteousness never failed to give my conscience—or what I called my conscience—a dig. My God was a glorified spy who nailed every sin.

Now while my intelligence tells me that I've no business to pattern my children's behavior after the enforced and unreasoned restrictions of my youth, my emotions are apt to get the better of me as they did this Sunday. I was wrong—thoroughly wrong—about John's going to the club, and I told him so when he got home. I know it is my job to let go of him, that only by his realization of himself, and of his relation to society is anything accomplished.

Nancy's reactions to the question of Sunday behavior were the same as John's, only more so. I suppose she got a satisfaction in hearing John express himself and in seeing me wobble. But it is of her nature and disposition, her relation to me, and mine to her, that I wish to speak particularly. Nancy is intensely jealous of John. He's the older,

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he's allowed a freedom she isn't; he drives the car, goes out alone Friday nights; he has a very good mind and has been in the lime-light ever since he was born. Nancy's mind is just as good as John's, but it is different; teachers and relatives don't make so much fuss about it, and they do manage to convey to her a sense of her own inferiority. Nancy is also jealous of me. She hates to see her father touch me, she instantly demands just as much attention for herself. She's suspicious, subtle, physically and mentally lazy. Never of her own volition does she do a stroke of work about the house, and what she has to do she does grudgingly, poorly, if she can get away with it. If she reads about a disease she has it, and in very violent form if some hated school task is before her. She is afraid of hell and death and troubled because she cannot feel God. On the other hand, she's very original, gifted in the use of words, writes poetry, is tender-hearted, ready to fight for the down-trodden, loves animals, flowers, outdoor life, poetry and books, and she possesses the insight of a sibyl.

How am I going to "do" her, bring her up? There's antagonism that smoulders, flares, sometimes, between us, but I know there is frankness, and I feel sure there is affection. I never lie to Nancy as to my motives, but maybe I wouldn't be so noble if she weren't so smart! Nancy is my greatest problem, a problem which strikes home to me with greater intensity because, for years, I have suffered from a neurosis having to do with my relation to my own mother. I want a healthy happy relationship between Nancy and me. I don't want that prefunctory attention miscalled love that so many mothers receive from their daughters. I want to give her a sense of permanance and stability, that deepest desire of all children who are conscious of the terrifying instabilities of life. I want to be to her what she wants me to be, and I want her to live usefully, happily, sanely.

FINDING out and facing myself has been my first step. This was forced upon me as treatments from a psychiatrist progressed, as I read books and pamphlets written by experts on child psychology. The vision has been far from flattering, although there are fleeting moments when I am able to feel delightfully smug and self-righteous. These come mostly when I see my neighbors doing dreadful things with their children that I know better than to do with mine. Nancy is much the same sort of girl that I was at her age. I have learned that the things I don't like in her are the things I am, myself. My mother deplored my disposition, prayed for me, worked to make me overcome my faults; in every possible way she endeavored to suppress, submerge, that part of me which was displeasing to her, and she thought it was all for my own good. I was not a little dismayed when my doctor proved to me that I was doing with Nancy just as mother had done with me—that I was trying to do, I should say. Fortunately for Nancy she has more backbone than I had, she speaks up where I would have dropped dead before I dared to say a word. My experience has been that life is standing the gaff. I believed that Nancy must learn that; but now I am beginning to see that nothing constructive is accomplished unless the creative impulse prompts the act. Some day—the Lord grant it comes soon!—I believe that Nancy will look upon a bed which she has made and find her handiwork good, and in a later day she will discover that a pie can be a poem.

I will confess that I am confused about this business of character building, this making-one's-self-do-the-thing-one-doesn't-want-to-do-because-one-ought-to-want-to, which I was taught was the proof of backbone, of stamina, and the supreme test of one's progress in doing for others according to the Christian way of life. Nancy says she sees no reason why one should be unselfish so that another may be selfish. Neither do I, but I cannot easily relinquish the standards of my youth even though they are proven false. All the same I do not blink the fact that happiness—that deep inner satisfaction of the soul—was not a part of the lives of the earnest but mournful Christians with whom I was associated as a child. They expected a feather bed-ish kind of content once Heaven was attained, but this life was a scourging preparation for the event. They earned their bread by the sweat of the brow, and were sceptical, rather antagonistic, as people of limited advantages usually are, toward those who used their brains instead of their backs, hands and feet.

BECAUSE what creative instinct I possessed was laughed at tolerantly but never encouraged (except in pie-making) I do think that I have a better understanding of how to handle Nancy. It is my business to find out just what kind of person she is, what she dreams, what she wants; I must foster, nourish, stimulate in every possible way the talents she possesses. I must never try to manage her through and by means of her father. I must be generous, not jealous. I'm too much of an egoist to eliminate myself—I despise that form of meekness, anyway—but I must be careful not to take Nancy's place. Always I must love her in the way that is honestly my own. And I must try not to forget that the development of a personality is a long slow process, that in the lives of both my children there will be stinging blasts and tempering winds over which I have no control but which may work mysteriously for good.

For generations a lovely, filmy rose-colored veil has been flung by the sentimentalist over the hallowed name of Family. The sentimentalist says that parents are God's pattern of Himself, all-wise, all-loving, always working for the child's best good, divinely endowed with wisdom for their task. But this is the day of the realist who sees the parent in relation to his child as a person, a human being actuated by motives which he doesn't fully understand, and which he wouldn't acknowledge if he did, capable of littleness, pettiness, warped judgment, prejudice. He sees us failing, but if he is honest he is forced to admit that, baffled, disappointed, heartsick, we are becoming dimly aware of our mistakes and are anxious to rectify them. For after all is said and done we do love our children. The trouble has been that we have not acknowledged their personalities, to say nothing of respecting them. Given the choice, I should prefer to be a human being in my relationship with my children than to be superwise—I can come nearer to them.

The other day Nancy and I had a difference of opinion which was followed by an oppressive silence.

"Dear me," I said after a moment or two, "we don't seem to like each other very well, do we?"

Nancy looked her surprise.

"You don't feel a great surge of affection for me, now do you?" I questioned.

"No-o," said Nancy hesitatingly, "but I supposed you liked me just the same no matter what I say or do. Don't you, mother?"

"W-ell-," I said.

And then we both burst out laughing.

A sense of humor helps.

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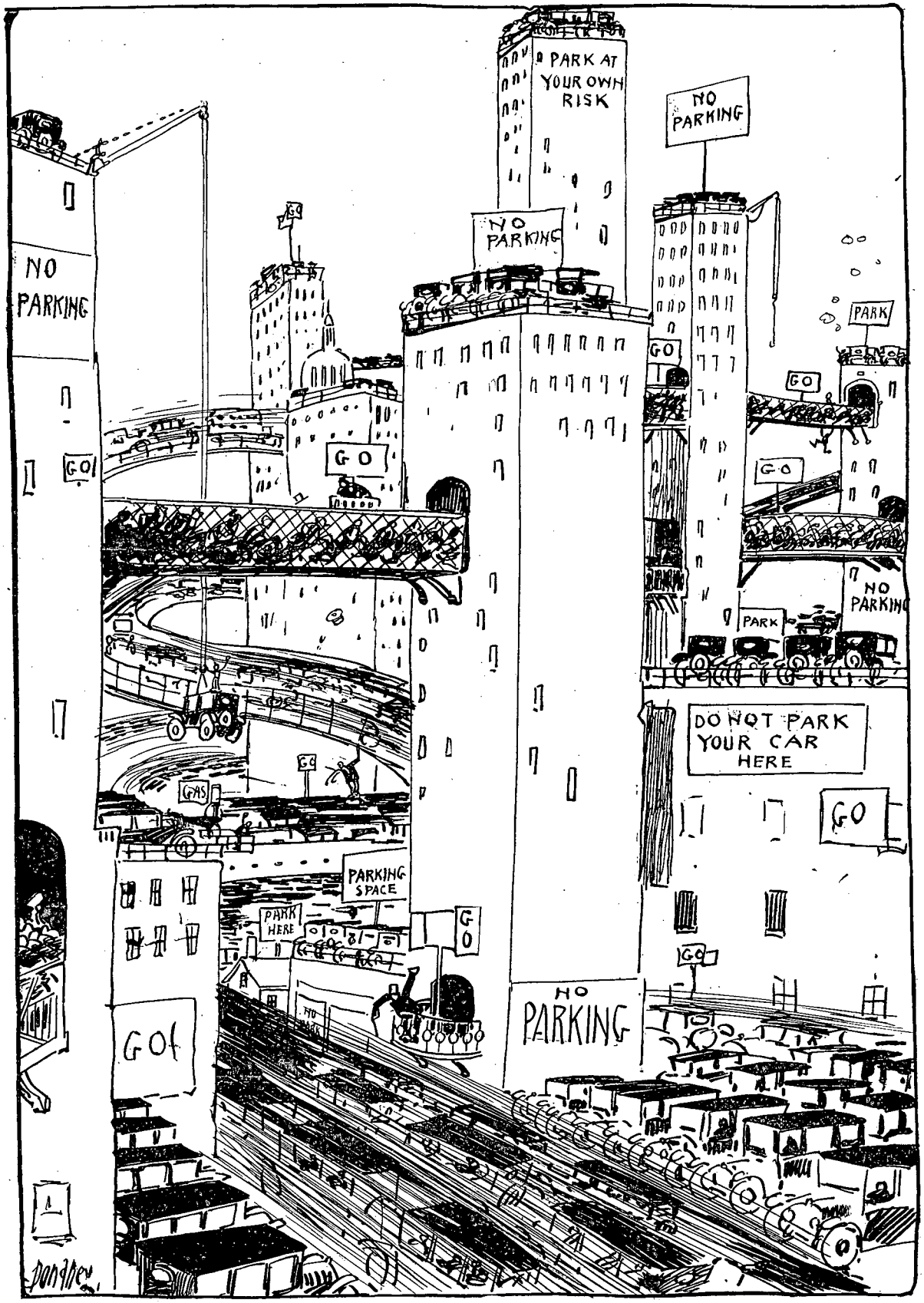

"WE MUST GO FORWARD TO SOMETHING . . ."

Drawing by J. H. Donahey

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New Captains and Old Dreams

By DONALD RICHBERG

Drawings by J. H. Donahey

IT is now two years since I began deliberately to review the pageant of my generation. Out of dusty boxes have been gathered faded letters and yellow clippings, pictures and programs and pamphlets that stirred memories. And from these memories, as from the smoke of burning leaves in autumn and the odor of warm earth in spring, have come reminders that life moves on through endless repetitions. "As it was it ever shall be" —and yet in another view it will never be the same again.

Personalities and events that were confusing and irrational when we were plodding along in the dust of busy days, become more orderly parts of a procession of events as they pass my solitary reviewing stand. Perhaps I have marshalled them to fit into my own scheme of things. But I have tried, so far as I could, to let them arrange themselves, so that from the parade of yesterdays one might catch a vision of the marching morrows. Nor have I sought to debase the captains and the kings to common clay by recalling petty, homely details of their lives and work; but only to produce a pageant of real men and women—not a procession of heavenly bodies. There is falsity in the view that is too intimate or too remote. As Gerald Massey put it:

To those who walk beside them, great men seem
Mere common earth; but distance makes them stars.

It is of little importance to record that Roosevelt was deaf in one ear and blind in one eye, or that LaFollette wore spats; but it is important to understand how and why each man disliked and distrusted the other; which requires a miscroscopic analysis of common earth. After which a telescope should be employed to view the ideals that shot upward from the clay and still shine in our national firmament. And likewise unimportant are the peccadillos and peculations of Harding's Ohio gang. But it is of great importance to note that triumphant materialism, having sworn allegiance to national prohibition, promptly drank itself to death, leaving many interesting studies for the microscope but nothing to be seen through the telescope.

HOWEVER, let us appraise justly the merits of the commercial-minded rulers of our day. It is not my conclusion from a long and intimate experience with those who govern us in legislatures, in executive offices, in the courts, and in the private councils of social and industrial leadership, that our influential citizens are lacking in brains or energy. On the contrary, the ability to do what one wishes to do is exhibited on every hand. Commercial and financial leaders have driven ahead with resistless power to develop and exploit our natural resources. They have created huge organizations for mass production and distribution, despite the natural fears of millions of common folk that these superhuman corporate personalities would enslave the individual. They have improved the production and distribution of almost everything except law and justice.

These great material undertakings have been carried on with intricate and resourceful skill. An enormous amount of hard thinking has been evidenced in planning how things *can* be done. The point of criticism, however, at which I have arrived is that there has been a woeful scarcity of hard thinking in planning what things *should* be done—based of course on hard thinking as to *why* these things should be done. It seems more evident every day that some of this sort of planning and thinking has become essential—and therefore it is reasonable to assume that the next generation of "progressives" will undertake the beginning of this task.

NOT so long ago I talked with a confidential associate of Samuel Insull. Despite the unpleasantness of my personal relations with that man, I expressed an appreciation of his terrific capacity to build, to expand and to operate public utilities. "But," I said, "the sort of thing he does, as in the Frank L. Smith case, the corrupting of government, the destruction of faith in ourselves and our fellowmen—that's what I can't understand. What is the use putting electric lights into a million homes if it only enables more people to read about more crimes? What is the use of this material progress if you degrade the mental and moral standards of the people in the process? How can a man who has a brain think it worth while to corrupt our morals in order to light our homes? It seems to me that Insull really believes he is a misunderstood public servant, that he isn't just trying to make money or even to grab power, that he wants to be regarded as a great man, as a public benefactor. But how can he justify the means he uses?"

"You don't understand him," said my friend—and I nodded. "Insull doesn't ask 'Why'? He doesn't speculate about the future. He isn't looking all around him to see everything that is going on. He has his eyes fixed on the job in front of him. He sees that plant which he is going to build, that will produce so many kilowatt hours. He is going to build it and get the machinery going smoothly and then go on to the next job. He knows that this job ought to be done. He sees the one way it can be done and he goes that way. He doesn't ask 'Why'?"

When I walked out of that office I felt that I had found an answer to a question I had been asking for many years. We have had, let us say, fifty years of control by the men who don't ask "Why?" They have been deciding what we should do and how to do it. In the era of Roosevelt progressivism we began to question the methods rather than the job. The "pursuit of happiness" after the American Revolution was defined generally as the pursuit of material well-being. The spiritual goal of life was determined by one's church. Freedom in religious views was assured by law. If the curse of poverty could be lifted from a whole people, if individual freedom and a comfortable life could be assured, it seemed that America would lead the world in the pursuit of happiness.

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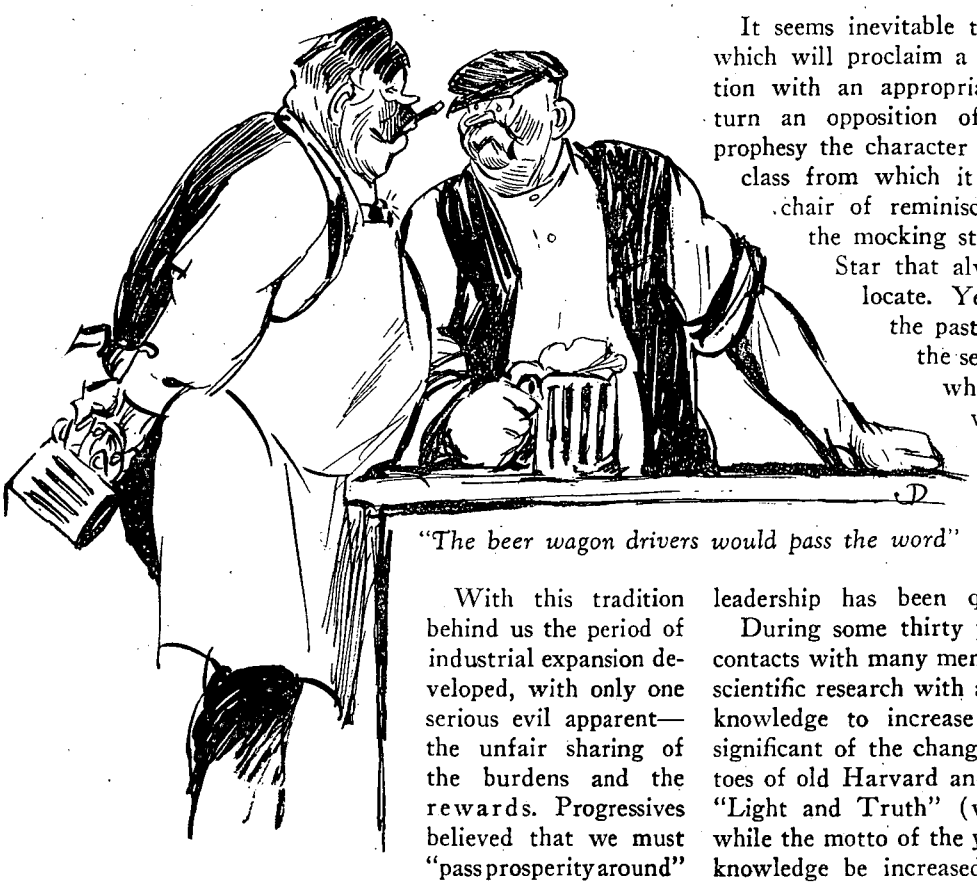

"The beer wagon drivers would pass the word"

With this tradition behind us the period of industrial expansion developed, with only one serious evil apparent—the unfair sharing of the burdens and the rewards. Progressives believed that we must "pass prosperity around"—and that we must produce it with "social justice." We were not seeking a social goal—not a community existence—but a better individual life. Therefore "social justice" did not require us to ask, "Why should we produce 20,000,000 automobiles?" The question was, "How shall we produce them?" And the progressives of my generation answered stoutly: "By well-paid workers, able to raise healthy children and properly insured against the hazards of accidents, disease and old age."

But it is entirely possible that a new generation of New Yorkers, for example, observing streets so congested with individual cars that automobile transportation is frequently slower than walking, will ask: "Why do we want any more automobiles on the island of Manhattan?" It is significant that in recent years a number of people have been asking: "Why do we have so many coal mines?" and "Why do we produce more coal and oil than we can use?" The very radical idea has been gaining acceptance, even in conservative quarters, that the social interest in the consumer is greater than in the producer; that the opportunity to buy what you want to buy may be more important than the opportunity to sell what you want to sell.

Our political programs have always been founded on assumptions of common purposes. Unfortunately, purposes that were once common, but are no longer, remain embedded in political theory as the assumed basis of common action. That causes the antagonism evident at present between social control and individual desires. As a result of this conflict we have today little sense of direction in our national life. In three national campaigns since the World War we have heard little of anything except programs for standing still (called "maintaining prosperity") or going back (to Hamiltonian normalcy or Jeffersonian democracy). But we all know that we must go forward to something; and we all feel that we are going forward—since even our newer vices appear vigorous rather than decadent.

It seems inevitable that a group leadership will develop which will proclaim a definite purpose for social organization with an appropriate program, which must create in turn an opposition of equally positive convictions. To prophesy the character of this new leadership, or the social class from which it may arise, is to leave the fireside chair of reminiscence and to stand shivering under the mocking stars, seeking to point out that North Star that always has been so difficult for me to locate. Yet there seems little use in reviewing the past that none can live again, except in the search for guidance toward that future wherein everyone must live. And so I venture to suggest that—against a leadership of traders, pawn-brokers and slave-drivers who have sought the mastery of the world for the witless purpose of squeezing more money out of more men, another leadership has been quietly but relentlessly coming on.

During some thirty years I have had long and intimate contacts with many men who combined a deep love of purely scientific research with a keen interest in the use of extended knowledge to increase common happiness. Perhaps it is significant of the change in "academic" ideals that the mottoes of old Harvard and Yale are respectively "Truth" and "Light and Truth" (which are rather abstract concepts), while the motto of the young University of Chicago is: "Let knowledge be increased that life may be enriched."

In college days, Frederick Starr aroused such interest in anthropology that, although neglectful of many other opportunities, I took advanced courses in this field. Here was a man who spent years actually living in Japan, Mexico and less "civilized" parts of the world, wearing the clothes, eating the food, doing the daily work, adopting the customs of the people whom he sought to understand and to interpret to an "Anglo-Saxon civilization." Acquaintance with this scholar and his work developed an early antipathy to that common encrusting of the mind which comes from an unthinking acceptance of one's own environment as the most reasonable or "highest" form of human society.

WORK in the physics laboratories within the pervading influence of Michelson and Millikan (and the less conspicuous but much loved Henry Gale), studies in psychology and ethics illuminated by Tufts and Angell, frequent association through student activities with the dynamic President Harper, sowed seeds in a careless, but inquisitive young mind that sprouted long years after my patient preceptors had undoubtedly lost hope of any vegetation.

Further stimulation came at Harvard. In addition to direct seeding from such legal philosophers as Ames, Gray, Smith, Beale and Williston, I found myself, through a roommate who had taken honors in philosophy, being mentally fertilized with sprayings from the thoughts of Royce, James, Santayana and Münsterberg. For ten years after my return to Chicago, I lived almost as though a member of the university faculty, my social life centering in the Faculty Club.

It was enlightening to a man who worked in "the City" to contrast the discussion of social problems in the downtown lunch clubs with the analysis of similar issues at a

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professor's dinner-table. The "rule of thumb" men were driving ahead with bold self-assurance. The men who weighed and measured all things with instruments of precision moved cautiously to tentative conclusions. Failure and meekness and hesitation amused one group. But success and pride and certainty aroused ironic comment in the other. The alchemy of business leaders in converting raw materials and crude human desires into gold inspired a distrustful respect in academic circles, which had its counterpart in the distrustful respect with which business men examined the "theoretical" observations and "impractical" products of the "academicians." The economists revered the practical wisdom of financiers and the political scientists listened eagerly to professional politicians. On the other hand, the technical advisers of business enterprise carried their problems with due humility to the university physicists and chemists. But those who studied man individually or socially in the university—the teachers in what are now called the "social sciences"—had little standing in the world of practical affairs years ago when I first began speculating about the political leadership of the future. And they have no great standing there today.

Apparently the social sciences have a long road to travel to a place of authority comparable with that achieved by the natural sciences in their rapid progress of the last four hundred years (of which the first three hundred and fifty were the hardest!) Yet in the collaboration of natural science and social science there seems to lie the clearest hope that political progress toward an idealistic, responsible leadership may succeed the recent retrogression toward a cynical, irresponsible direction of social forces.

In some distant day a wise critic may epitomize the political follies of my generation in the story of "Merriam and Chicago." It is worthy of a massive volume. Here was a man of exceptional capacity and training for public service—now generally recognized as a major political scientist. While teaching in the university he was elected an alderman, and rapidly rose into supreme leadership in municipal affairs. His campaign as Republican nominee for mayor, after the rout of all the old line Republican bosses, inspired an outpouring of public spirit without parallel in municipal politics. The really "best" elements throughout the city were with him solidly. The younger captains of business, the ablest labor leaders, the outstanding professional men, the progressive bankers, the great majority of hard-working, clean-living citizens who had brains enough to think for themselves.

But the men "who knew what they wanted," the men who made money out of control of government, the political bosses and their masters, the public utility operators, the "business men" who thrived on protection and privilege and law evasion, in the stockyards, the big stores, the breweries, and in the underworld that clamors through "respectable" sponsors for a wide-open town—they were solidly against a "reformer," a "professor," a "radical." They were solidly against any man who knew how a city ought to be run; and had demonstrated his practical ability by exposing graft, by destroying the power of crooks and by constructive legislation. An ordinary reform administration would be bad enough in their eyes. But a reform administration with courage and brains and practical wisdom would be intolerable!

IN this campaign I was one of a small board of strategy that knew what was really happening. Just before the end of the campaign a client came to me as spokesman for the brewers, asking my personal assurance that the man to be named for one office would be acceptable to them. In exchange for this pledge he would promise that the beer-wagon drivers would "pass the word" on the day before election to all saloon-keepers (most of whom were mortgaged to the brewers) that Merriam was to be elected.

"I can't promise," I answered, "because I can't deliver. Will you go to see Merriam with me?"

"No," he said, "he won't give us a promise. But if you give me your word I'll look to you to make good."

"You know I wouldn't promise unless I felt sure I could make good," I said with a smile. "I think you are safe and that the kind of a man you are afraid of won't be named. But nobody can deliver Merriam and I won't pretend I can."

"We can get what we want," he replied, "from the other side. But I want to help Merriam, if I can be sure to protect our legal rights."

"Give us an even break," I suggested.

"I'll do what I can," he said dubiously.

After the election, which was lost by a few thousand votes, I told Merriam of this interview.

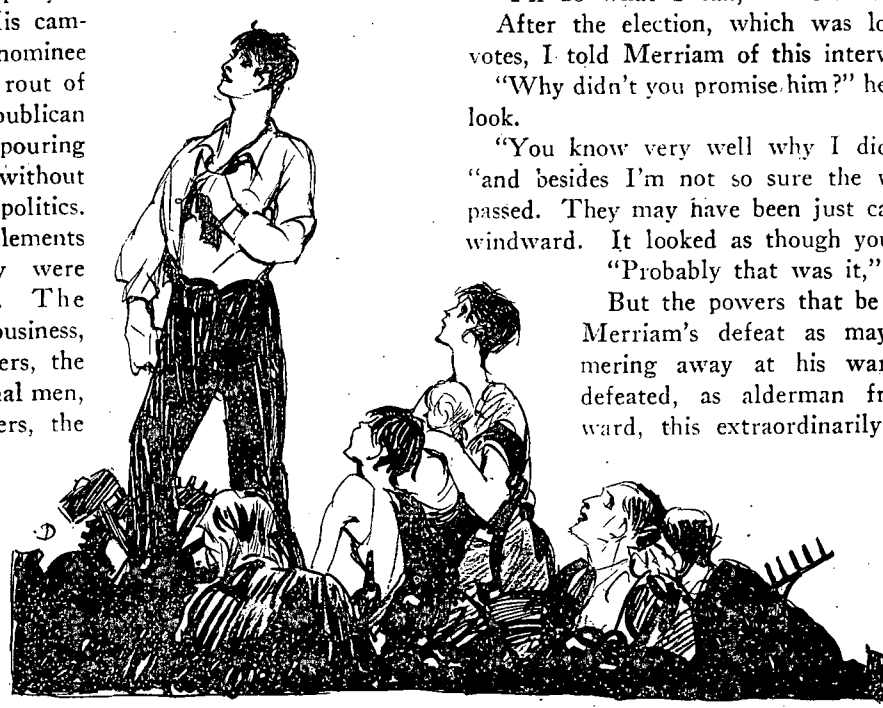
"Why didn't you promise him?" he asked, with a quizzical look.

"You know very well why I didn't," was my answer; "and besides I'm not so sure the word would have been passed. They may have been just casting an anchor to the windward. It looked as though you would win anyway."

"Probably that was it," he assented.

But the powers that be were not content with Merriam's defeat as mayor. They kept hammering away at his ward until they actually defeated, as alderman from a "silk stocking" ward, this extraordinarily able, efficient, proved public servant. And the next day the president of the gas company publicly stated his satisfaction with the result! Yet those who criticise the control of government by pub-

(Cont. on page 61)



"Another leadership has been relentlessly coming on"

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China Turns the Tables

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE conflict between Russia and China is not an isolated incident, nor can it be understood except in its setting of time and place. It is only one phase of a larger unity, one act in a consistent, if disorderly, process; an act which has individual differences of circumstances, participants and labels but in basic cause and direction is like all the others. Also one may see in it the sardonic element which lies in all recent events in the Far East. There is a reason for the Mephistophelean chuckling in the Far East now. Go to it, Grandpop, go to it, bear, expresses succinctly the attitude of the foreign die-hards and many who are not die-hards.

For five years China has been engaged in a siege operation. By sapping, mining and frontal attack China has been making an assault on the position of the foreign powers in China. This position, slowly built up and carefully buttressed, had been thought impregnable. Now for five years it has been yielding, virtually without resistance. At times, as in 1927, when an Anglo-American expeditionary force was landed at certain points after the attack on British and Americans in Nanking, there has been a show of resistance, but these have only been rear-guard actions to cover a retreat. The withdrawal has been going on steadily and the Chinese have been advancing as steadily. The foreign powers have lost a large part, if not most, of what they gained in their seventy-five years of conquest: the whole system of foreign privileges, prerogatives and vested interests is being destroyed.

This system was established by force, and the Chinese always smarted under it. But they had just emerged from isolation, from a military point of view they were still mediaeval, and they were helpless. Their only resource was to play one power off against another in the hope of avoiding partition. It was sometimes a faint hope, and once partition seemed imminent. Few observers of world politics believed thirty years ago that China would long survive.

IN the meantime, however, Chinese students were pouring into Europe and the United States. They returned with revolutionary ideas, both literally and figuratively, and in 1911 the decadent Manchu monarchy was overthrown and the republic established. The republic existed only in name; nevertheless it released ideas which sharpened only in humiliation felt by all educated Chinese at the humbled position of their country in the world. They began to think of sovereignty, if only in the limited circles of the intelligentsia.

The world war came, accelerating the evolution of political ideas and movements all over the world, especially in the East. Chinese nationalism was born, and there began to form definitely a program for the recovery of lost rights and lost territory. The program was formally presented at Versailles, without result, and again at the Washington Conference with meager results. Meanwhile nationalism was gathering force and momentum in China itself.

Throughout the first few years after the war China reiterated its desire for recovery of sovereignty, but as desire rather than demand. It relied exclusively on legal methods of procedure, pleading its case legally and waiting for legal action within the framework of the treaties and by diplomatic negotiation. Then came another development which changed the whole aspect of international relations in the Far East. Sun Yat-sen, as leader of the revolutionary party, made an alliance with Soviet Russia. His excuse was that he had appealed to all the other powers for help and they had refused—a curious argument, since his position up to that time was that of an insurrectionary and for any power to have given the kind of help he wanted would have been tantamount to intervening in Chinese internal affairs and helping to overthrow the lawful government of China, a precedent which would have been fatal and which in any case was hardly consonant with any theory of sovereignty. But logic was never a conspicuous trait in Sun Yat-sen. Certainly it never impeded him in his plans or desires. The Russian alliance was made.

FROM that point there was a change in China's tone. Soon there was also a change in its manner of procedure. It abandoned legal methods, that is, the established modes of international procedure in times of peace, and began to resort to direct action. Because evidence is so hard to obtain in China it will never be possible to determine positively how much this was at China's own initiative and how much at the instigation of the Soviet Russian advisers. Clearly the Chinese had whipped themselves up into an intransigent mood and they realized the powers were in no condition after the war for serious military action. Possibly they would have taken forcible measures in any case. But it is equally clear that the whole effect of Russian influence, of the anti-imperialistic propaganda which Russians organized and of the anti-foreignism which they helped spread, was to convince the Chinese that the way to repudiate was to repudiate, and let the powers do what they could. That foreign privileges could not much longer have been maintained in any case is certain. But that liquidation came by this particular method must be laid to a great extent to Russian influence in China between 1924 and 1927.

At any rate, China did resort to forcible dispossession and has been carrying on the process ever since. By treaty it was not permitted to raise or change its tariff rates without the unanimous consent of the powers. It simply changed them. The powers protested both the violation of the treaty and the duties, but foreign traders had to pay them just the same. Foreign property within the country was taxed at will; the powers protested, but their nationals paid. They had to. Foreign rights of extra-territoriality, that is, immunity from Chinese jurisdiction, were violated repeatedly. The British concessions in the ports of Hankow and Kiukiang were taken literally by assault, and then

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formally turned over to the Chinese by the British in recognition of a *fait accompli*. So it has gone almost uninterruptedly for nearly three years. The Chinese have been getting back their rights by *force majeure*.

Foreign rights in China were widespread, however, and included more than treaties and small concessions in ports. The beneficiaries were not confined to the West European empires and Japan. There was also Manchuria, and the beneficiaries of foreign rights there were Japan and Russia. Manchuria had been the sphere of Russian encroachment since the beginning of foreign aggression. All that had been left to Russia after its disastrous war with Japan was the Chinese-Eastern Railway, running from the Siberian border to Changchun, but to this it clung. Nominally it was a joint Russo-Chinese railway, actually it was Russian.

WHEN Soviet Russia first sought to re-open relations with China after the war it came with magnificent gestures. As a Communist state it offered to cancel all the treaties which had been forced on China by Tsarist imperialism. It waived extra-territoriality, but it clung to the railways, its most valuable possession on Chinese soil. Moreover, outer Mongolia remained as thoroughly Russian to all practical purposes as Hong Kong is British. A new agreement was made giving the Chinese a more active share in the management of the Chinese Eastern Railway, but even that has been nominal until very recently.

On what theory the Russians could make themselves believe that the weapon which they had helped forge would not be turned against them also is now difficult to conceive. The Russians even had a parallel to warn them. When the Allies incited and in fact compelled the Chinese to drive out the Germans after the Armistice, they also had omitted to calculate that the same weapon might one day be turned against them. From that time white solidarity in China, theretofore sacred, was destroyed, and white prestige diminished. The Russians had warning. They ignored it. They are paying now.

The Russians, of course, were not entirely naive. For one thing, they applied the familiar psychology: my motives are pure and yours are impure and when we do the same thing it is different. But, beyond that, when one has talked, as I have, to responsible Russians in the Far East and in Moscow, it is impossible not to recognize that the Russians quite sincerely believed that their relation to China was different and that they wanted to help China: in short, that their retention of territorial rights in China did not constitute imperialism. Their fallacy lay in the belief that the Chinese would draw metaphysical distinctions and see any difference between alienation of territory by one foreign power in the North and alienation of territory by another in the South. Their fallacy lay further in believing that the Chinese would not seize the opportunity to get back all they could.

THIS is what the Chinese are doing now, and here lies the origin of the Russo-Chinese conflict. It has not been unexpected. I went through Manchuria earlier in the year and from what I learned left convinced that the Chinese would act as they have, although not quite so precipitately. They already had encroached at points on what was previously conceded as Russia's sphere. It should be added that their motives were not exclusively nationalistic. The Chinese Eastern Railway is a rich cow to milk. The Chinese official has not lost his eye for the main chance.

The key to what has happened in Manchuria now—and to what has happened everywhere in China in the last few years and presumably will continue to happen—is that the Chinese are bent on clearing out every tangible sign of foreign control in China. They believe they can do so because no power is in a position to take any action against them; that every power is restrained either by its internal situation or by factors in world politics. They have both evidence and experience to corroborate their belief, because thus far they have committed with impunity acts that twenty years ago would have brought condign punishment from one or more European fleets. It is noteworthy that against Japan, the one nation that is in a position to resist and to take counter-measures, they have proceeded much more cautiously, though to the same effect. That Russia was helpless has been a fixed premise in China for some time, based on the belief that Soviet Russia would lose revolutionary caste by making war on a weak Eastern state, and that it would not risk the opposition of the other powers in general and Japan in particular. Having been so far secure and successful beyond their wildest dreams of a decade ago, the Chinese may push their security too far. In that case they may come a cropper, but in that case also all the pent-up forces of Far Eastern rivalries, subsident in the last few years, may burst forth in a war that will not be confined to China and one other nation. The Orient still is charged with dynamite.

Therein lies the danger of the Chinese situation now, the Chinese situation which has evolved through almost a hundred years. That situation has been produced by the rival efforts of the great powers to establish hegemony over China. It has caused more than one war already, and until it is liquidated—either by the independence of China or by the final conquest of China—it will threaten other wars.

IT is irrelevant therefore to examine whether China's expropriation of the Chinese Eastern Railway was legal or not in accordance with written diplomatic documents. Almost indisputably it was not. But in fairness to China one must add that there never has been any legality in China. Legality has consisted of the *ex post facto* setting-down in writing of accomplished facts—facts accomplished by force. Every interest which the powers have in China—that is, every interest for which they would be willing to fight—was gained by force. The Chinese are now trying, consistently, to wipe out all such interests by force. In any event there is every certainty that they will continue to do so until they are prevented by greater force. That, in a word, is the Chinese situation now. Out of this situation the conflict with Russia has arisen naturally and inevitably. It is of the stuff of Far Eastern international relations.

In conclusion, a moral must be pointed. Since the first Tartar tribes began to attack China on a great scale a thousand years ago it has never profited any people in the long run to interfere with China. The Russians interfered against the interferers—that is, against the imperialists—and in four years they have reaped the consequences. Now it is they who are China's foremost enemies, and their interests that have suffered. From the beginning the Chinese have been conquered, have absorbed their conquerors and cast out the remains, and then gone placidly on. Chinese history may be coming around full circle again.

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First Cousins, Instantly Removed

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

AN English army officer told me that during the war he heard a group of Italian soldiers —he could understand them—audibly making fun of two American doughboys. One of the latter, listening to it without the slightest sense of its meaning, remarked to the other:

"I s'pose them guys think that's some kind of language."

"Sure, they understand it. That's some joke they've got —can't ye see, they're laughing."

That's how it is. If people are only "foreign" enough, they are interesting. Their "queer" ways, involving no threat against our own customs, are simply picturesque. They can make fun of us, talk about us on the opposite side of the table where we are sitting; they can look upon us, as we do upon them, as completely outlandish, but—we cannot understand what they are saying.

It is when the "foreigner" is of our own stock, and his customs are nearly but not quite like our own; when each can understand what the other is saying about him—then is the intolerable irritation. To eat the same food, but in a slightly different manner! Charley Selden, correspondent of the New York Times in London, told me of an Englishwoman who watched an American stirring his boiled egg in a glass and then blurted her disapproval:

"Such a nauseating mess!"

To which the American, equally rude, retorted:

"Madam, I have been watching you, mashing your strawberries on the back of your fork, and I can only say that no American lady would do such a thing."

Either of them could have observed without turning a hair, a Brobdignagian eating hay or a cannibal islander selecting tidbits of his great-uncle; but could not stomach a slight difference of technique in the management of foods they had in common.

"One can put up with strangers," a witty friend said to me once. "It's the relatives that are hard to endure. My preference is for *first cousins, instantly removed.*"

THAT is what grinds between the British and what we are pleased to call "Americans." Pleased to call: *that* is one of the sore things. Calling ourselves "Americans," when there is Canada—a territory quite equal to the United States in area, not to mention Central and South America. A farmer in the Catskills, whom the Germans in the war wounded at least four times, assured me that he held no grudge on that account; his feeling was against the British—

"We'll have to lick them yet."

"But why? They were our allies, and we are half British ourselves," I protested.

"That's what's the trouble. It ain't that they own the earth but that they think they *ought* to. It's like having to kick it out of a brother-in-law with a swelled head."

Awhile ago George Bernard Shaw deprecated all the talk about "hands across the sea"; all the current profuse admonitions that British and Americans must love each other. I have not seen his words, but he was quoted to this effect:

"The truth is that England and America really hate each other. They ought to stop talking about love and sit down to talk over and abolish the causes of the hatred."

Whether he said it or not, there is just enough truth in it to call for a lot better understanding. Acquaintance, and the kind of cooperating action that produces understanding. To precisely this purpose—the biggest thing that has happened in the cause of peace—is the concurrent action with suitable and genuine words, of President Hoover and Prime Minister MacDonald, suspending (so far as within their power) the work upon new naval vessels already authorized. This action has done two things: first, it has swept both countries with a breeze of fresh air amid the fetor of old men's talk about "the next war." Second, it has drawn attention to the fact that this "next war," if any, must be between the United States and Great Britain.

LOOK straight at it. There is no "enemy" except Great Britain. The "big navy" people—old-minded men and silly women enamored as always of brass buttons, still vibrating to the drums of 1776 and 1812, as if nothing had happened since the Revolution in which they would have been Tories—all know very well that the "possible enemy" against whose imagined aggression they would arm is not someone from the moon, or Mars. Prior to 1914, the "possible enemy" was Germany. Everybody perfectly understood that. It is no longer Germany, bent upon ruling the world. It cannot be France, or Italy. As well arm against an invasion from Czechoslovakia, or an attack upon Colorado Springs by the fabled "Swiss navy." The only nations now in a position to wage a first-class war are the United States and Great Britain. These super-patriots talk about "England" exactly as before the war they were talking about Germany; they envisage nothing less than the supreme absurdity, the supercrime against every human decency, of a family riot, spectacle before the eyes of High Heaven.

If both or either of us meant toward each other what we said in the so-called Kellogg Pact, pledging mutually the abandonment of war as any possible recourse in our international relations, the need of armament in any considerable measure vanished *ipso facto* forthwith. Aside from the fact that battleships and cruisers are now obsolete forms of junk, and assuming that they are not to fight each other, each of these two nations already has in hand more than sufficient navy to protect every legitimate interest. *Except as against each other,* Great Britain and the United States need not another gun, not another keel of any size or kind. So far as any other nations are concerned, not one of them could maintain real war for thirty days without the consent and more or less active support of these two. The peace of the world is really in our hands.

Looking out upon the world which so long has been

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in the hands of the old, the respectable, the conservative and the sane—so anyway they call themselves—and beholding the mess that they have made of it, one cannot avoid the reflection that maybe the children and the lunatics might make a better job of it. They hardly could do it worse! The real reason for the "revolt of youth" in all lands is that the youngsters have discovered the fraud in the "wisdom of the elders" and are calling all the old bluffs. They have not yet learned—any more than their elders did—to discriminate between real wisdom, fruit of accumulated experience, and mere ponderous utterance disguising more or less conscious deficiency, camouflaged by long white whiskers and out of dusty documents promulgated by the forgotten dead. Documents, old saws and ancient habits of conversation, once sound and reasonable, perhaps, but long since inept in the real world, outworn and obsolete. But these youngsters have their faces to the front. They are not interested in the old stuff that their elders are using in lieu of national conversation. To these comes such a bugle-call as that of the Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, at the end of the great "jamboree," which has just closed in England after signalizing the coming-of-age of the Boy Scout movement:

From all corners of the earth you have journeyed to this great gathering of world-fellowship and brotherhood. Today I send you out . . . to all the world bearing my symbol of peace and fellowship, each one of you my ambassador bearing my message of love and fellowship on the wings of sacrifice and service to the ends of the earth. From now the Scout symbol of peace is the golden arrow. Carry it fast and far, so that all men may know the brotherhood of man.

At the close of the great camp of youngsters from every corner of the earth there was a free mingling. As one newspaper correspondent described it:

Scouts from America and Palestine looked in to say farewell to Indians; Indians gave a last handshake to Scots and West Cheshires, and so on. . . . Twenty-four Indian scoutmasters have gone to Gillwell Camp, Essex, for a fortnight's training. Others have started on a quick European tour, and the rest will spend two weeks seeing London. . . . Many of the scouts from China, Japan, New Zealand and Australia will be guests of the English and Scottish boys at their homes before returning to their own countries.

O you old men who know no trade but the making of war-medicine, consider what has happened to the fashioners of small-swords and other paraphernalia of dueling. You are dead but do not know it, and the young men will fill your mouths with dust. They are not interested in your old stuff; they are making and shall make a world that you are too dull and stupid to dream of.

Lord Baden-Powell, summing up his impressions of the great "jamboree," which brought together 50,000 boys from all parts of the world, said:

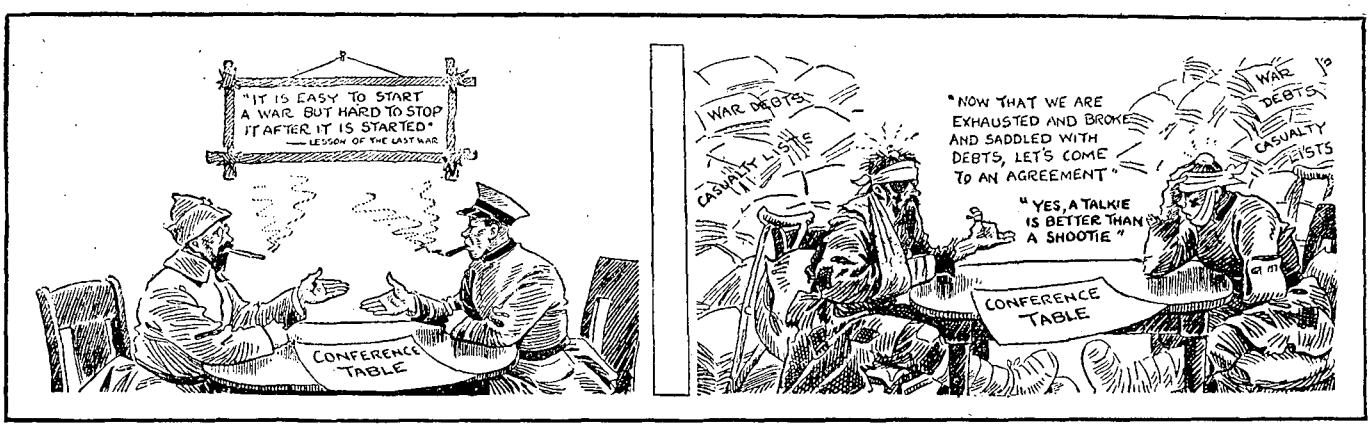
The present spirit among us grown-ups, is to think of ourselves first. You cannot get world peace by mere leagues and disarmament and pious ideas. You have got to get the new spirit. This camp of lads from all over the world was remarkable for its exhibit of that spirit. Amongst all these fifty thousand boys there was never a sign of any disagreement or "scrapping." And in that "march past" on the last day, the extraordinary thing was that the boys, instead of being grouped by countries, as on previous days, were mixed up in one great jumble, and without regard to nationality marched past arm-in-arm.

As many Catholics as Protestants there were, Lord Baden-Powell said, and a very large number of Mohammedans, Hindus and Jews. And now, a fortnight later, as this article is written, these boys are still scattered about, all over the European map but especially in England, visiting and renewing the acquaintance so happily begun. Bad business, very bad, for those whose interests are rooted in divisiveness; whose thought and conversation have to be in terms of old quarreling, and the technique of wars.

IT would be beneficial if every American citizen could read H. W. Nevinson's little brochure, "The English," lately published in Routledge's six-penny series of Introductions of Modern Knowledge to help us understand these cousins who share with us in very large degree responsibility for the immediately ensuing future.

It were well, too, if we could sense something of the burden that every British subject is bearing as a result of the war. We who complain of our own taxation while in the same breath we boast of our prosperity might have some sympathy for those who look with a certain bitterness upon the change in their world position. One small illustration: Everywhere you go in Great Britain you see tiny motor-cars, and two motor-cycles for one of ours. Why? Because to own a motor-car of any kind in Great Britain costs you *five dollars per horse-power*. I rode yesterday in a five-year-old car, of the size and pattern which in New York State calls for a registration-tax of $17.50. My host pays a corresponding tax of something like $120. Is it any wonder, since all other things are off the same piece, that a money-wasting American is viewed with some feeling of irritation?

Nevertheless, let no one tell you that "the English" are thinking in hostile fashion of us. The old-minded professionals of army and navy and a certain type of ossified Tory still "do their stuff," exactly as ours are doing; it is the only stuff they know. But the real people of Great Britain, facing terrible problems of existence, want nothing more of quarrel with anybody, and their youth, like those of all the rest of the world, are not listening to the old jargon.


"IT IS EASY TO START A WAR BUT HARD TO STOP IT AFTER IT IS STARTED."
— LESSON OF THE LAST WAR
CONFERENCE TABLE
WAR DEBTS
CASUALTY LISTS
"NOW THAT WE ARE EXHAUSTED AND BROKE AND SADDLED WITH DEBTS, LET'S COME TO AN AGREEMENT"
"YES, A TALKIE IS BETTER THAN A SHOOTIE"
CONFERENCE TABLE
WAR DEBTS
CASUALTY LISTS

Courtesy, The Chicago Tribune

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Decalogue for Authors

LITERARY ETHICS, *by H. M. Paull. Dutton. 358 pp. Price $3.75 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

AUTHORS enjoy unique opportunities for crime. They can be liars in the grand manner and thieves in sly and delicate ways. Sins against the holy ghost of Truth must perhaps be left to the sieve of Time, but skulduggery in the profession needs constant scrutiny and exposure for the protection of the public and of the honorable members of the guild. In this Age of Print it becomes extremely important that the technique of authorship be kept pure, for we are guided more by mere words than any age in history; the enlarged returns for writing set new temptations in a man's way; and we use print for utilitarian or entertainment purposes where the self-imposed ethics of the priest or artist possess no authority.

Literary Ethics by H. M. Paull is, therefore, more than a delightful collection of curious and amusing lore on literary thieves and misdemeanants and eccentrics. It is a prolegomena for a modern code of the ethics of print offered by a man who is lovingly devoted to literature and admirably aware of the intricacy of his theme. It is important that plain men realize there are rights and wrongs in dealing with words; and Mr. Paull's exegesis of the literary decalogue will help. He is free from esthetic snobbishness, yet never indolently rubber-stamps the customary practice of our times. His appreciation of the rights of all parties to the cause is singularly level-headed. We hear the side of the dedicatory patron against whom Samuel Johnson fulminated; we find a decent status for the potboiler who provides popular reading at a price—provided his pot boils honestly. The evidence is richly documented, but of a fascinating humanness. You meet many a jolly rogue who defends piracy or plagiarism with impudent eloquence. You also face today's problems as in the consideration of what protections an author can invoke against malpractice in adaptations of his work for the cinema (newly important for the nascent talkies) or of the usefulness of the "ghost" for vicarious writing.

The prime crime is plain theft from stealing manuscripts to monumental plagiarism. That is growing rare, thanks to laws on copyright and literary property. But the pirates of the good old days stole other folks' work and abridged it, wrote a sequel, turned it into a play, or delivered it as a new sermon. The clergy were remarkably gifted at taking their good where they found it: one mail-order list offers a quarter's sermons for fifteen shillings with two shillings off for cash and reveals at least a desire for better things. Indeed, even bishops argued that congregations might be more edified by a pirated masterpiece than by an original bore. We regret the author did not consider the modern device of getting permission to reprint an article from each of twelve men, say, and then making of them a book for which the authors get thanks and the compiler collects the royalty. That is a sort of synthetic piracy. We cannot step on plagiarism for, as the author says, "The history of plagiarism is indeed the history of literature" and proves it from Sophocles through Dryden, Voltaire, and this year of grace. The classic defenses for stolen passages is that a good thing is worth repeating even if you claim to have laid the egg, or that you put crude ore through the refinery of genius. The plagiarists themselves have invented no new excuses: indeed, it seems that the major motifs of human life are few and old, and the brain cells of the race are not infinitely kaleidoscopic, but pre-ordained in standard patterns.

The literary misdemeanors (the author's label) are partly fascinating proof that imagination runs wild and plays pranks, and partly serious evils. It seems false emphasis to list the basic problems of censorship and copyrights along with minor puzzles such as when is a hoax harmful or whether parody is a sin against letters. But perhaps parody has suppressed Longfellow even more sternly than any censor could have done—if Longfellow can be imagined as ever stimulating any censor. The duties of editors and publishers to their contributors are excellently defined . . . and still need definition. So runs one fascinating chapter after another on historical novels and what liberties are allowed with famous souls, on the modesty becoming a man writing his autobiography, and a final sensible recognition of the right of an author to make money provided he does not sell his soul. The volume is vastly readable, various, and full of odd bits on great writers. Mr. Paull concludes that in most of the departments of literature he covers there has been a steady amelioration—even editors have improved. But he points out the evils that still threaten: censorship, the invasion of privacy, the reckless personalia and inaccuracy of memoir writers, and the growing power of the press and its tendency to monopoly. That last phrase, I think, sums up most of the others.

FOR it is in journalism, including books of a certain kind, that the ethical battle rages today. Perhaps in Mr. Paull's England the issues are not so urgent or complex. Certainly he does not face some of them realistically. Take the "ghost," for example, a ghost being the real author of a work signed by someone else. Ghost writing, as he shows, is no new thing. One Dumond was famous in France. He worked for Mirabeau and "saw his compositions universally extolled as masterpieces." Our present ghosts are of lesser breed. Dumas alluded to his 1,200 works: certainly ghosts walked in his *scriptorium*. Paull says: "A writer has no right to owe his reputation to the work of another . . . and to deceive the public is as much a crime in literary matters as in anything else."

But our ghosts are not so easily laid. Unliterary men and women do have experiences that deserve record both as information and as light on human life. Their special adventures or place make them material. Comes the ghost who talks with them and puts what is interesting or important into readable form. Is this a crime? Two rules come to mind. The intervention of the ghosts should be acknowledged in the signature of the composition, even if something of authority and

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authenticity be sacrificed. Otherwise, we had better print the original crude human stuff to take or leave, and learn from. But fear of ridicule here may keep my hero silent altogether, or people may not read his prosy and formless outpourings. Second, the ghost should not incarnate himself in the material. He should neither point the moral nor adorn the tale. It is the simple veracity of the original experience we want, not conventional inventions. He is a medium, not a window-dresser.

But admitting the usefulness of the ghost as a reporter of actual experience, we immediately find all sorts of corruptions for commercial ends. Prize-fighters and ball-players write sage observations though they are scarcely literate. The lust of the public for vicarious experience is so great that people set out to have experiences so they can sell the tale. The literary rights of explorers and heroic stunt-doers are regular stipends for which the contracts are let before the expedition starts. We even have the parasite who stows away so he may sell his little burst of fame. There is gold at the Poles and in the skies as there once was for gentlemen adventurers in the Indies. Next comes the invention of experiences that never happened to people who are exploited into characters—young girls before the mast or slave-traders. Last comes the criminal for whom a confession and a philosophy are pounded out by a hack-ghost in an office. So what is certainly a device of value for putting life on record becomes a fake and a corruption. How can we teach the public to tell a good ghost from a bad?

Then there is the amusing case of the famous men who, so to speak, insist on being their own ghosts. Once they submitted more or less graciously to being interviewed for the press. So they got prestige and spread their views. Now they interview themselves, sign the product and sell it. A certain agile-minded prime minister is said to have discovered the possible profits in the self-interview. There remains the nice problem as to when the public is entitled to an interview free gratis. I think there are emergencies when men are bound professionally to talk. The medical man, for example, when a new cure for cancer is proclaimed. But on the whole the prime minister's logic was better than usual. The commercial press wants to sell the man's name and opinions. Why should they not split with the purveyor of the opinions? The question of the use of an official position is beyond the scope of literary ethics. The layman who uses the interview for propaganda is another matter. In this Henry Ford is the greatest master the world has seen. He is too rich to turn interviews into cash: he turns them into propaganda—and perhaps publicity that serves the Ford car. But the fact remains he denies interviews like a king and issues ukases like an emperor.

The fact that Mr. Paull misses is that writing now means considerable money or publicity—and publicity is convertible. There should be no confusion of this sort of thing with literature. Novel temptations have arisen and increased in precise ratio to the reward. But the temptation is not to steal others people's ideas or words, but to exploit every source of words and sell them at from one cent to a dollar each. There is nothing here of the old idealism of the prophets or the scholar or the artist. Once Mr. Author considered it a disgrace to make money out of his writings. In classic times you had copies made for your friends or students: later, the Church fostered authorship for the glory of God. But with cheap printing and the consequent popular audience writing became profitable and authors men of business. Their works are no longer viewed as gifts of divine inspiration and so free to all, or the products of society and so communal in nature. It is this change in ideal that proposes the new ethical questions in literature as a profession.

There is no easy solution. But certainly we do not want to throw the austere protections and honors of true literature over the offerings of commerce. As Mr. Paull says, "in the house of literature are many mansions." It would be wisdom if we learned to distinguish which are peep-shows (however useful) and which are temples.

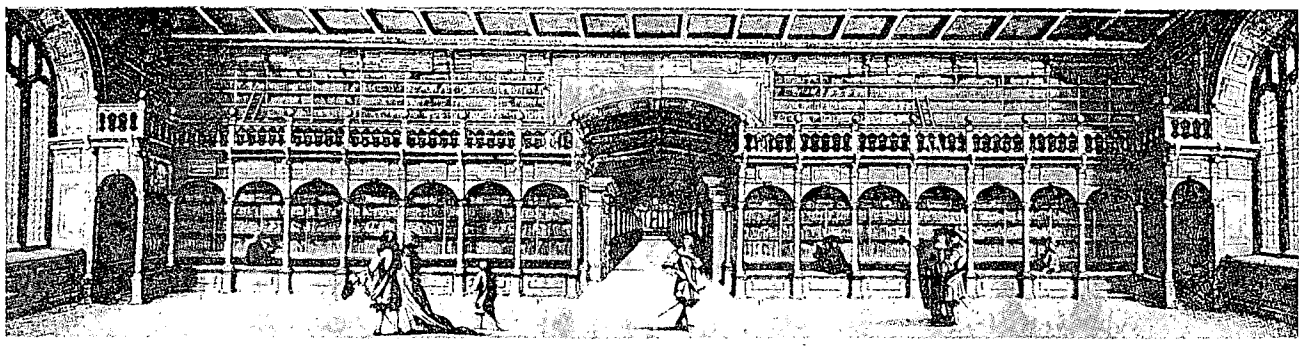
LEON WHIPPLE

A World Book

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, *Fourteenth Edition. Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., 342 Madison Avenue, New York. 24 volumes, illustrated.*

THE new Encyclopaedia is out . . . if one may refer to such a dynastic event in street terms. The English races again present their view of the present state of human knowledge. They do so with customary imperial scope, for the 3500 contributors represent fifty countries. This is a world book, a new survey of universal knowledge, and from first inspection, we believe it is the most comprehensive, current, and useful reference book ever published, and one of great beauty and convenience. The time is ripe for this complete revision—the first since 1911—for as the editor, J. L. Garvan, points out in his admirable preface the body of our knowledge, nay, our very ways of thought have been changed in these two decades. Revolutions have come to pass in state-craft, discovery, science, art, religion and social science; and the editors starting *de novo,* have planned a chart of our progress. And I may frankly say I am filled with enthusiasm and admiration for their achievement.

I have not read these 24 volumes of 1000 pages each containing 35,000,000 words that require an index of 500,000 entries. One confronts the cosmos with humility. But I trust my impressions do no injustice to the giant labors of the editors. The tests of an encyclopaedia are truth and authority, completeness, modernity, readability for plain men of alert minds, and ease of access to the treasures offered. Certainly errors and omissions will be found—editors are not gods. But until specialists point out the mistakes in the matter on religion, physics, the World War, archaeology (as they surely



West wing of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in 1675. Books under the galleries were placed with backs to the walls and until 1759 were guarded against theft by iron chains. (Illustration from the new Britannica.)

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will) we may accept the authority and integrity of the contributors as guarantees of as much truth as most of us can stand.

The work is new and current, dated practically January 1, 1929, with stop-press additions, such as the accord of Italy and the Catholic Church down to within ninety days. The articles were written mostly in 1928. The carry-over from previous editions is estimated at from twenty-five to fifty percent. The old classic articles that could not be bettered or needed no change have been kept; but not even a great name has preserved in the book material now out-moded or partisan in view.

Completeness, balance, and the avoidance of duplication have been assured by a system of "federal editorship" and interchecking. Perhaps the key-note of "the Fourteenth" is in exhaustive and brilliant editorial planning. With Mr. Garvan labored some thirty English lieutenant-editors for special fields, and an American co-editor, Franklin Hooper, with a corps of about twenty-four subject editors. Their eminence is attested by the names of John Dewey (philosophy), Vernon Kellogg (science), James Harvey Robinson (civilization), Roscoe Pound (law). So the vast bulk of knowledge was sub-divided and given perspective. To meet the old charge that the Britannica was insular and British, the editors have almost fallen over backward, perhaps out of plumb. The new cry may be that here is one more specimen of "Americanization." Certainly it reflects our journalistic efficiency, sub-division, and specialization: that may mean a loss of personal and literary charm, and those stirring appraisals of a whole field by one great authority. But if these be evils they are the evils of our times—and any encyclopaedia must be a mirror of its times. If we hunger for a new simple unity of knowledge, the Britannica does not offer this. By nature, I presume, it could not. But we may well be proud of the cosmopolitan good-will that presents the moot question of war guilt in 1914 with a symposium by Mr. Garvan for England, Pierre Renouvin for France, Herman Lutz for Germany. The parochial has disappeared.

The ideal has been to humanize knowledge without vulgarization, to make it democratic rather than the prerogative of class learning, yet to preserve a high scholarship. The remarkable indexing, cross-references, display type, preliminary outlines, simple presentation of difficult sciences and almost vernacular style, assure that the work will be comprehensible by, and accessible to all seekers for knowledge. Here we must note the advance in visual education. At a glance the most striking and novel fact about the new Britannica is its truly noble pictorial investiture. There are some 15,000 pictures, charts, and diagrams, including 1200 full page plates, and a museum of art in color pages done by new and gorgeous processes. The very gold of the Gutenberg Bible, or a Cellini cup is reproduced. Here are etchings of great cities; all the subdivisions of a ray of light; Bobby Jones making golf shots; the carving of a leg of lamb; air routes, auto-trails, campaigns. This "how-to-do" note is constant in text and picture. You learn by doing, and have a compendium and guide-book. Many pictures from the air are shown. Some 500 maps—200 of them grouped with a gazeteer of place names—give an atlas for the new day of international relations. Warren E. Cox and the printers deserve our deep congratulations.

Will you, the SURVEY reader, want this set? I think so. I want it covetously. The format is readable, dignified, and promises durability. The type is large and legible; the paper opaque rag-sulphite, more "handable" than the thin bible paper. We do not need the assurance that this edition has cost some $2,000,000 in editorial expenses to date, or that it is the equivalent of 500 books that would cost over $1200 singly. The price is within the scope of any desirous family, about that of a radio, or one-tenth of an automobile. In the standard binding it is slightly over five dollars a volume. I feel that you may discount all possible spots that may be discovered on this sun of publishing, and, comparing what you get for your usual expenditure, never feel that this is not your money's worth, pressed down and running over. For your children, for your culture, for practical guidance this book will add to your wisdom and your pleasure in belonging to the human race.

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LEON WHIPPLE

Labor Leaders' Religion

LABOR SPEAKS FOR ITSELF ON RELIGION, *edited and with an introduction by Jerome Davis. The Macmillan Co. 265 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

"WHAT does labor think of the church?" The answer depends, of course, on whom you ask. Here are twenty-nine witnesses covering nearly the whole world of labor —not counting Professor Davis himself who leads off with a sharp reprimand to organized religion. In general, the "regulars" speak with courtesy and respect, although not without criticism, of the church, while the radicals give it short shrift and use the opportunity offered them to preach their own gospel. In both cases, individuals, not groups, are speaking; and in both cases the great mass of unorganized labor is perforce, left unrepresented. So the question comes down to this: what do certain leaders of various labor movements think of the church?

It is probably true, as this symposium indicates, that the official labor movement in America is friendly to the church, even when critical to its policies, while the radicals are, in general, unsympathetic and more or less contemptuous. A number of the writers in the first group make cordial acknowledgement of the efforts of religious bodies of different faiths during recent years to secure a greater measure of justice for labor. (One is surprised to be sure, to find them overlooking the most striking and dramatically impressive example of such action in our history, namely, the successful attack on the twelve-hour day in steel in 1923, led by the churches, which caused the industry to reverse its policy within two months' time.) But such friendly statements do not tell the whole story. Some of the most respectful of them come from devout Catholic labor leaders who are too deeply and habitually reverent to be alienated from the church by any failure on its part to meet labor issues as they wish it might.

Behind all that is said lies the significant fact that while labor has not, as many people contend, "deserted" the church, the *Protestant* churches by and large, have little hold on that portion of labor which has taken a serious and intelligent interest in the improvement of its own status. This does not mean that the Catholic church holds its membership by manifesting its sympathy with the labor movement, although it has a much more impressive body of teaching on industrial ethics than the Protestant churches; it means, rather, that the Catholic church maintains a religious hold on labor regardless of economic questions.

Are we not dealing here with something even more fundamental than economics? Much of the discussion of religion in Protestant circles in America seems to rest on the assumption that labor's attitude toward the church is a mere matter of reciprocal interest, an acknowledgment of service rendered to labor, as such. In refreshing contrast to this tendency is the authentic spiritual note which characterizes the paper by Arthur Henderson of the British Labor Party. Henderson does not spare criticism of the church, but he adds: "The

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churches, whatever may be said regarding their old-time imperfect presentation of Christianity, are the greatest and most powerful moral and spiritual schools that the world has known, whose first and chief object is to produce Christian character; and the problem of character must always be of deep concern to the leaders of democracy."

The criticisms of radically-minded labor men (it is a man's book) are chiefly significant not as showing what labor thinks of the church but as the reflection of keen-witted men. If Mr. Hardman, who recently produced that stimulating volume, Labor Dynamics, is right the labor movement is headed away from all religion in the traditional sense: "The religion of labor is godless for it seeks to restore the divinity of man." A. J. Muste of Brookwood Labor College sets aside the testimony of the official labor movement, calls for a show-down on the attitude of the church toward extremists and asks Christians to concentrate their efforts on making "the holders of power and privilege abdicate rather than preaching to revolutionists to postpone their violence." The articles by Otto Bauer, Emile Vandervelde, Toyohiko Hagawa and Gideon Chen are among the most rewarding. The symposium as a whole undoubtedly makes a contribution to an understanding of the relation between the labor movement and organized religion.

F. Ernest Johnson

Federal Council of Churches, New York

The Law is Too Slow. This reproduction of a lithograph by George Bellows decorates the jacket of Rope and Faggot.

Why We Lynch

ROPE AND FAGGOT. *by Walter White. Knopf. 272 pp. Price* $3.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

NO man knows more about lynching than Walter White. A Negro, he has made unique investigations of scores of lynchings. He is also a man of letters. His broad and earnest presentation of the facts and sociology of this national crime deserves therefore thoughtful welcome. His principal contribution is an attitude: to search for the complex psychological causes of lynching in the southern mind. Here is an excursion among the folkways of the South that at times borders on a tract against the South. He returns with a profoundly important thought: that the prime evil is the effect of mob violence on southern people and the warping of the minds even of children. The beatings and general intimidation of Negroes is, he thinks, probably more dangerous to democracy than the crises of lynching.

This does not, however, discount the cruel truth that we have had a century of lynching and nearly 5000 mob murders. The chapter on the extent of the industry with revelatory case studies and the admirable tables and comparative statistics of the appendix, prove the extent of our shame. Of equal value are the discussions of the basic economic causes of lynchings, of the possible cure through state or federal laws, and of the grounds for hope that a new conscience is being born in the South itself that promises the condemnation and disappearance of the crime. Since Mr. White believes that ignorance and emotionalism fostered by fundamentalist southern churches has contributed to the mood of lynching, he rejoices that better men are being trained for the ministry and that seminaries offer instruction in race problems. The efforts at racial reconciliation promoted by the Federal Council of Churches, the Commission on Inter-Racial Cooperation and others are bearing slow fruit, for it is the encouraging truth that lynching has decreased in the last few years. The southern press is contributing by its braver stand.

The improved Negro press and the northern journals as well as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People have turned the light on actual cases. Industrial progress is breaking up the isolation and ignorance in the South. Young men in the South and certain universities are studying the Negro with a new courage and sympathy. The Negro contribution to our culture is being acknowledged and new evidence of Negro capacity in art, music, letters being offered. But the vital sources of change, Mr. White believes, are the increased solidarity and resistence of the Negro, and the economic effect of his migration from the South. To keep him, the South finds cooperation better than violence. The changed attitude produced by all these causes is a surer ground of hope than either political action or punitive laws.

The author finds the root in economic rivalry which is rationalized by ignorance and crowd-mindedness and defence mechanisms invented to justify slavery into a general savage race fear. The old bogey of sex crimes as an excuse for lynching is disposed of by the plain figures. Rape is involved in but a small percentage of lynchings. More important he thinks is the general anti-black philosophy that has been generated by a world-wide imperialism with its need to prove white superiority over exploited races. This interesting suggestion shows how far the author ranges into the religious, social and recreational conditions that produce this sadistic perversion compounded of fear, jealousy and antique traditions. He intimates that mere dullness of life under the evangelical churches may produce a sort of explosive hysteria.

I must confess that many of Mr. White's ideas seem to me speculative, ingenious, and not finally convincing. His analysis does not go deep enough to become unitary; and his generalizations are not buttressed with enough of satisfying evidence. The proofs are not always either scientific or complete. There is a residual propagandism that intrudes on a generally dispassionate study and though inevitable and humanly comprehensible (for what Negro—or sincere white—can be dispassionate on this theme?) is a disservice. This controversial bent leads Mr. White to make too much of beating down the straw men of exploded or eccentric doctrines of Negrophobes about Nordic race stuff, brain weights, and the white man's sex jealousy of the virile Negro. This book is so useful, courageous, full of factual material and wise in its search for roots, that we do not want its impact lessened by descents to futile controversy or the exacerbation of minor prejudices.

It is small thanks for Mr. White's labors to ask him to do more. But he is the one man to apply his *schema* of motives in a few actual cases. He will do a great service to his people, the South and us all by applying the technique of Middletown to a lynching and the community (*Continued on page* 44)

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(*Continued from page* 43)

where it happened. Let him examine the literacy, religious affiliations, racial stock, political control, journalistic influences, sex psychology, and economic forces at work behind the lynching. Let him seek out the facts and spirits of the neighborhood. Only the actual tragedy and its concrete antecedents have ever been revealed in lynchings. Deeper study might reveal the actual causes and possibly the cure. And it is the cure that must be the sad concern of this nation.

LEON WHIPPLE

The Literary Crime Wave

THE ELEMENTS OF CRIME (*Psycho-Social Interpretation*), *by Boris Brasol. Oxford University Press. 433 pp. Price* $5.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE CRIMINAL AND HIS ALLIES, *by Marcus Kavanagh. Bobbs-Merrill. 432 pp. Price* $3.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

BORIS BRASOL was once prosecuting attorney of the St. Petersburg Supreme Court, but those who seek in this book the fruits of his undoubtedly interesting experience expressed in terms of anecdotal reminiscence will be disappointed. The book is almost wholly a philosophical and at times scientific attempt to explain the phenomenon of crime. The approach in the first half of the book is sociological; in the second half the "psycho-physical nature of crime" is considered. The background of the author as a lawyer and administrator is constantly in evidence, however, and one is conscious of a sound and practical touch in those aspects of the subject where the vexing reconciliation of law and psychiatry are considered. His devotion to a scientific style however grows at times somewhat wearisome, especially when long and involved passages are used to express what are really most commonplace utterances.

When Mr. Brasol leaves the first part of his theme, the chief defect of which seems to be a propensity to take modern sociological terminology too seriously, he moves with a more certain sense of direction. His discussion of Crime and Responsibility is a well organized summary of the medical and legal aspects of this question with a very interesting discussion of the imperial Russian practices in this aspect of criminal procedure.

Judge Kavanagh is a practical man, too. He has for many years been a member of the Superior Court of Chicago and has presided at countless criminal trials. He was a member of the Committee on Law Enforcement of the American Bar Association which after a trip to England and France prepared a report upon law enforcement some years ago.

Perhaps we should not quarrel with this book which after all is valuable only as it adds to the literature of criminology the opinions of a veteran of the criminal courts. There is however, even in a book that is properly a part of the literature of opinion rather than of fact, good and sufficient reason to require a more careful use of factual material. For example, in commenting upon what he deems the "tragic abuse" of parole and probation, Judge Kavanagh says that "taking the country over, about 28 per cent of the more serious paroles prove failures." In the first place, what are "the more serious" paroles? No explanation is made. For his figure of 28 per cent failures he offers no authority. This is unfortunate, because if such a determination has been accurately made it is not yet in the literature of criminology. Nor in the opinion of the reviewer can it be made with the present statistics and records available throughout the United States. This is a serious charge and a judicial mind should not make it on the basis of facts which are not cited. Throughout the chapter devoted to this subject the attack is principally upon the basis of parole abuses, although there is a general sweeping condemnation of probation as well. To substantiate this attack upon probation Judge Kavanagh offers not one item of evidence, except to say that in the Criminal Court of Chicago "613 felons, or 15.34 per cent of the felons arraigned in the criminal court, were put on probation."

The implication is that this use of probation has something to do with Chicago's crime wave. This may be true. It would be as hard to prove a denial as an affirmation. If the judge had only extended his research to the neighboring city of Milwaukee he would have found that in 1926 probation was used in 41 per cent of felony convictions (*Continued on page* 48)

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Traveler's Notebook

In Italy with Henry James

TRAVELERS no less than book lovers need to read between the lines. If they just get surface impressions, like words in a string, they lose half the meaning. Before going on a journey yourself it's a good thing to dip into a book by someone who has the gift of such discovery, and so take their fresh eyes along with you, like magic spectacles. If you are going to Italy, for example, turn to Traveling Companions by Henry James, which has just been reissued by Boni & Liveright. There's a romance bound up in it. But this is what he reads between the marred pigments of a great painting:

The most strictly impressive picture in Italy is incontestably the Last Supper of Leonardo at Milan. A part of its immense solemnity is doubtless due to its being one of the first of the great Italian masterworks that you encounter in coming down from the North. Another secondary source of interest resides in the very completeness of its decay. The mind finds a rare delight in filling each of its vacant spaces, effacing its rank defilement, and repairing, as far as possible, its sad disorder. Of the essential power and beauty of the work there can be no better evidence than this fact that, having lost so much, it has yet retained so much. An unquenchable elegance lingers in those vague outlines and incurable scars; enough remains to place you in sympathy with the unfathomable wisdom of the painter.

And here is what the northern Italian towns project upon his sympathetic retina:

They are shabby, deserted, dreary, decayed, unclean. In those August days the southern sun poured into them with a fierceness which might have seemed fatal to any lurking shadow of picturesque mystery. But taking them as cruel time had made them and left them, I found in them an immeasurable instruction and charm. My perception seemed for the first time to live a sturdy creative life of its own. How it fed upon the mouldy crumbs of the festal past! I have always thought the observant faculty a windy impostor, so long as it refuses to pocket pride and doff its bravery and crawl on all-fours, if need be, into the unillumined corners and crannies of life. In these dead cities of Verona, Mantua, Padua, how life had revelled and postured in its strength! How sentiment and passion had blossomed and flowered! How much of history had been performed! What a wealth of mortality had ripened and decayed! I have never elsewhere got so deep an impression of the social secrets of mankind.

In Japan

THE Institute of Pacific Relations meets in Kyoto this fall (October 28-November 9) and has set up no easy program of problems to consider; namely, food, population and land utilization; China's revision of treaties and her financial reconstruction; tariffs, foreign investments, diplomatic relations, the League of Nation's part in the Pacific, war prevention policies, immigration exclusion, and pre-eminently Manchuria.

Conferences come altogether too thick and fast, and succeed too seldom, to be held in high regard. But the Institute is rather in a class by itself in that its members, men and women of note in their various fields, attend as individuals, for the distinct purpose of contributing their expert knowledge in the interest of better understanding, sympathy and cooperation among the countries of the Pacific. Surely it is not idle to be optimistic when, to mention but a handful of the American delegates, such minds meet as C. F. Adams, president of the First National Bank, and Judge Charles H. Carey, both of Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Alfred McLaughlin of San Francisco (a long time member of Survey Associates) and Dr. Carl L. Alsberg, director, Food Research Institute of Stanford University; Roland W. Boyden, formerly unofficial representative of United States with Reparations Commission; Prof. Joseph P. Chamberlain of Columbia, Ada L. Comstock, president of Radcliffe College; and Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. Chester H. Rowell attends as head of the Information Section of the International Secretariat of the Institute in Honolulu, and Prof. James T. Shotwell as chairman of the International Research Committee.

Social workers are especially gratified in the selection, as one of the four women to go, of Mrs. Ethel Richardson Allen of Los Angeles, associate state superintendent of education. Mrs. Allen has been up to her elbows in one of the most constructive undertakings in inter-racial relations within our borders—the remarkable spread of adult education in California, first with the immigrants and now with the native born. Her article in the Survey Graphic on the first ten years of the demonstration will be remembered. Two years ago she was the recipient of the Harmon award for distinguished achievement which went to Mr. Hillman last year. Mrs. Allen opened a school for teachers in adult education at the summer session of the University of California.

India

NEW YORK CITY is to be the scene of yet another cultural project—India Center. The India Society of America was founded some five years ago by Hari G. Govil, and sponsored by such well known people as Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, Oswald Garrison Villard, Professor John Dewey, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, "to promote a broader and more intelligent understanding between the peoples of India and America through the study and appreciation of India's art, literature, philosophy and culture; to disseminate a more accurate knowledge of the Hindu people, their life, ideals and aspirations."

At the first three weeks conference last fall, they decided they could function most fruitfully by opening a house where people can come for any and all information pertaining to India—library, lectures, art exhibitions, films, drama, dinners and other social get-togethers. They have taken the six-story building at 334 Riverside Drive (near 106th Street) and plan to christen it with a second conference this fall.

In addition, Mr. Govil, the director, will, this fall, personally conduct a six to eight months tour around the world, going by way of Europe and returning through the Pacific. The special object of the trip of course is to give those who are interested a chance to see India pretty thoroughly, through the eyes of one of her native sons, who not only knows the Orient, but also the Occident. Mr. Govil is a distinguished looking young Hindu, was educated at the Benares Hindu University and bore an active part in the Young India Movement.

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A third question: What would become of the New School when its title to the property on West Twenty-Third Street lapsed, at the end of ten years? For the current year the New School will remain exactly where it has always been. The progress of "improvement", which is turning the rest of the London Terrace into a desolation and a waste —later, we trust, a cosmos—has stopped reverently short of the New School buildings —for a year.

The New School has acquired a generous frontage on Twelfth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, where it will erect a building which will house its expanding activities far more commodiously and conveniently than they have ever been housed. This will be the first building erected in America to house higher adult education.

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(*Continued from page* 44) while the percentage in Chicago for the same year was 20. He would have also found that in Milwaukee the amount of crime is relatively smaller. He would have also found that in Milwaukee the prosecution were able to convict in 63 per cent of all the felony cases, while in Chicago the percentage was 19. (The report of the Illinois Association for Criminal Justice.)

These figures lead us to the central point. In spite of the weakness of probation and parole administration in Chicago, it pales into insignificance before the weakness of a state's attorney's office such as that maintained by Robert Crowe. And yet among all the causes of crime which Judge Kavanagh is able to list in his four hundred pages of denunciation of reformers, humanitarian measures and "leniency," he gives practically no attention whatsoever to the scandalous and fortunately discredited conditions under which the state's cases are tried and eliminated before trial by the office which tries cases in his own court. It cannot be assumed that Judge Kavanagh is ignorant of the evils of a political prosecutor. Mr. Ellis in his colorful introduction to the book assures us that Judge Kavanagh has written a "philosophical study of crime . . . drawn from the pathological and metaphysical literature of the subject." It may be that Judge Kavanagh has leaned more heavily upon the metaphysical than upon the pathological, and ethics in these latter days has perhaps come to be a division of the vast and ancient discipline of metaphysics.

RAYMOND MOLEY

Columbia University

The Meaning of Mexico

MEXICO AND ITS HERITAGE, *by Ernest Gruening. Century. 728 pp. Price $6.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MEXICO to most people is a tropical land where bandits and graft flourish as luxuriantly as bananas and orchids, a moving-picture land where revolutions inexplicably appear on the horizon and just as inexplicably shoot themselves up into nothingness. Somehow, Lindbergh's landing there made the country seem somewhat safer, while Ambassador Morrow's successful negotiations aroused a faint suspicion that a few Mexicans might be practical business men after all. But international peace requires more than slight feelings of good will. Knowledge is necessary, and understanding.

To supply both, Dr. Ernest Gruening has written Mexico and its Heritage. With a perhaps too generously shared erudition, he plies the reader with past history and present facts and builds up a picture of a country, socially volcanic it is true, but erupting according to laws—the laws of its Spanish and Indian heredity.

"The conquering Hispanic minority superimposed its political structure, religion and language on the natives." The social ideals of 15th century medieval Spain (where feudalism was rotting into degenerate absolutism instead of evolving into bourgeois democracy) played and still play their part in Mexican affairs. And this, not because the conquering Spaniards remain the victors, but because in enslaving the natives, in implanting the Spanish Catholic Church so firmly that at last it had earthly possession of half the land, it twisted and suppressed the Indian culture.

In government and in business the descendant Spaniard today still forms the majority. But his spurned *Mestizo* relative has one foot in the saddle and his eyes are turned away from his white ancestors and directed to the neglected, down-trodden native with whom he has cast his lot. The glow of the present government derives from this fact—its reforms are based upon a desire to build on Indian culture, Indian values of life and property which have persisted remarkably unchanged through all the surface revolutions.

Dr. Gruening pictures a land arrested in its growth by the submergence of its people into peonage and the rotting of their masters by the luxury which came to them so easily. He shows that the problem of today, no matter what the phase, is the quick emergence of this medieval-minded Mexico into the modern world in such a way that (*Continued on page* 50)

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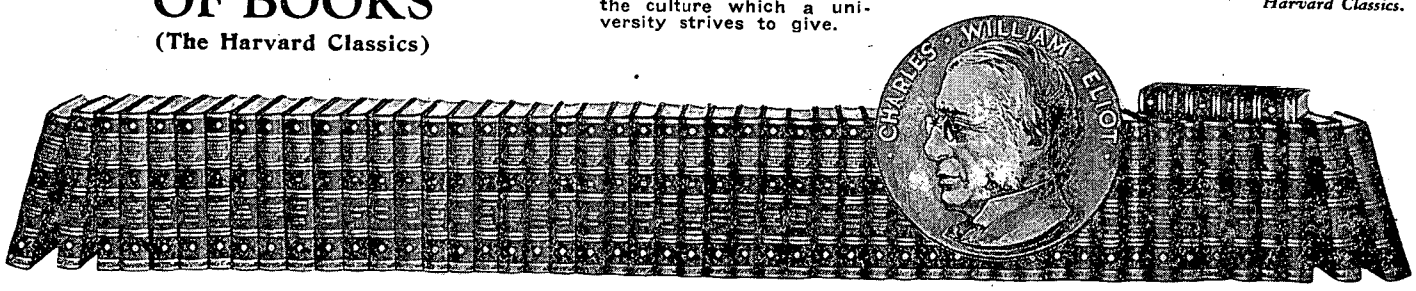

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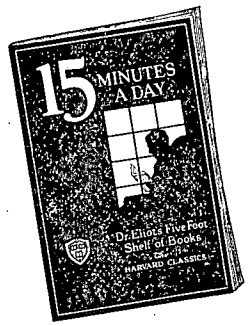

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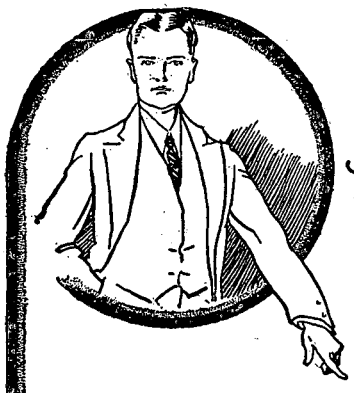

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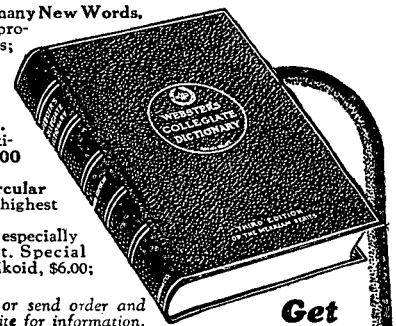

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(*Continued from page* 48) the Indian and *Mestizo,* forming 92 per cent of the population, may become the economic as well as the political masters of their country.

That dream is far, far from realization. Dr. Gruening is a careful impartial reporter of facts as he has found them and no visionary to judge them by his hopes. He sets forth in great detail the special problems which confront Mexico today—land, church, army and labor. He shows that progress has been slight and fitful, dependent on administrators.

Probably the unique contribution of Mexico and its Heritage is the great number of original documents, letters, newspaper articles and laws it presents. When both sides set forth their "good reasons" in their own words, the observant reader may be able to extract the "real reasons." However, by letting other people speak so freely, Dr. Gruening has slowed up his book, put greater demands upon the intelligence of the reader than is usual, and broken the unity of impression.

Perhaps this is why, despite his direct evoking of Mexico's past and present, the spirit of Mexico itself, the tempo of the Indian peoples conquered, earthily persisting and now again tentatively coming into their own, fails to rise completely before the reader. The author does not lack the emotional drive or the vision, but his scientific sense of the impartial, the tremendous necessity he feels for balancing "on the one hand" with "on the other" make Mexico and its Heritage a most valuable compendium of information for the student rather than that "discovery of the meaning of Mexico" which Dr. Gruening had hoped to decipher.

EVA A. FRANK

Sacco and Vanzetti Live

THIRTEEN DAYS, *by Jeannette Marks. Albert and Charles Boni. 132 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

MY current Survey Graphic, for August, starts its book reviews by discussing Ephemeridae. I should like to think that this little book by Jeannette Marks will not fall into that sad category. It is at least not a book of the month but of the decade, and may possibly prove more. This is partly due to its subject, for even the side-issues in the story of Sacco and Vanzetti can not be forgotten; it is also due to the effective way in which one phase of the story is told. Great tragedies in the sphere of fact do not always inspire literature. Sometimes they stun the spectators, sometimes no one cognizant of them is capable of recording them vividly; the tragedies unsung are probably more in number than those passing into our imaginative heritage. Sacco and Vanzetti are fortunate; their martyrdom will apparently leave records that can not die. Their own letters first of all, letters which in their poignant dignity, their unspeakable pathos, their frequent quaint beauty of expression, have a quality absolutely unique. Some of the verses in the anthology America Arraigned edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney, and elsewhere, rise into literature; Upton Sinclair's novel Boston is producing keen impression in Europe. For a long time, the records of the case, now open, will be studied by people eager to analyze the miscarriages of law and the extraordinary control of class prejudice over supposedly educated minds. Miss Marks' book belongs to the most genuine literature of the event. It is the plain story, gravely told, of the group of watchers of the Defense Committee who during the last days before the execution waited tense and breathless for the climax of Massachusetts' shame. They live for us individually—university men and women, poets, artists, working people, women of wealth and status, all united not by any artificial effort at *rapprochement,* still less by any relation of benefactor to benefitted, but by an intense common anguish. Sharing a great experience is surely the most effective way to obliterate the foolish thing that we call class-distictions.

Miss Marks has described that waiting with a restraint through which burns a steady flame of indignant sorrow. It is of course only an obscure episode in the drama that she gives. The characters in the main action do not appear—Judge Thayer, lawyers Katzman and Thompson, the witnesses, the members of the Commission. Here are only friends and helpless spectators; but reading of their sufferings during those days, one knows afresh that no man liveth or dieth to himself. The account of the March of Sorrow to the burial has not

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before been so impressively told. The subsequent chapters, in which Miss Marks aligns this story with the whole post-war policy and psychology in our country, are well done. For of course the tragedy of those two Italians was only the most salient evidence of the state of mind and the sort of behavior that still persist.

Miss Marks, who left her summer home at Lake Champlain and came to Boston in response to the appeal of the Defense Committee to people of her kind, is head of the Department of English Literature at Mt. Holyoke. Any one reading this book could surmise her profession, and the book is none the worse for the fact. The pertinent allusions, quotations and parallels increase one's consciousness of the continuity and the grandeur in the agelong struggle for justice and freedom. The value of her book is in its simplicity, its sincerity, and also in its sense of long perspective and its vivid presentation of a subordinate but moving phase in a most moving drama.

Mount Holyoke College VIDA D. SCUDDER

Marriage Under the Microscope

A RESEARCH IN MARRIAGE, *by Dr. G. V. Hamilton. Albert & Charles Boni. 570 pp. Price $10.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
WHAT IS WRONG WITH MARRIAGE, *by Dr. G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan. Albert & Charles Boni. 319 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

IF a questionnaire were submitted to 200 selected American citizens as to the details of the technique of their morning bath, the result might be a fair indication of the way in which American people take-a-bath, the minor difficulties incident to taking a bath, and perhaps some remedy for the present deplorable state of the bath business.

But to apply the same method to the problems of marriage is an entirely different proposition. It is exceedingly unlikely that the questionnaire method can ever be expected to reveal the hidden mysteries of marital happiness and unhappiness. This is partly because it is much too complicated an affair; it is also dependent upon the fact that the questionnaire method depends entirely upon the evaluation of conscious material. If psychoanalysis has done anything, it has shown that the vast majority of our wishes, our likes, our dislikes, our satisfactions and our dissatisfactions exist without our having any conscious notion of why they exist. In other words, the average person doesn't know what he wants and doesn't even know why he wants what he thinks he does want. Therefore it is quite impossible for that average individual to give a very good account of his state of happiness to a second party by the aid of a questionnaire, even though that questionnaire be supplemented by personal interviews and checked up with 20 or 200 or 2,000 similar questionnaires and interviews.

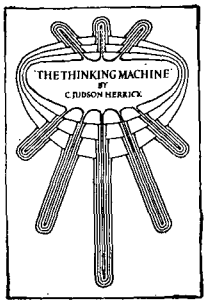
Statistical inquiries of this sort have their value. It is an interesting and valuable thing to know what 200 people think is wrong with their marriages, but it should not for a minute persuade us that what people think is wrong with their marriages is what is wrong with marriage in general.

To illustrate the radical variance which psychiatrists have with the entire spirit of this sort of thing, I open at random to read on page 39 of the Hamilton-MacGowan book, "My wife bores me a great deal." Now what does such a comment mean? An automobile mechanic may be intensely bored at a symphony concert and a poet might be bored at a baseball game. But in both cases the automobile mechanic and the poet are obliged to account for the fact that it was they who elected to go to the symphony concert or the baseball game. The real problem is why an individual will elect something from which he derives pain, or to put it more mildly, boredom? Of course the usual assumption is that these individuals elect what later bores them through ignorance of what is coming, and this idea of ignorance-must-be-enlightened pervades the entire study of these authors. But psychiatrists can scarcely concur that ignorance is the chief factor in the production of unhappiness. It is a matter of common knowledge that the ignorant people of the earth are not by any means the least happy and the assumption that people are unhappy in marriage because they are ignorant of marriage is open to grave doubts.

To give another illustration, I open again at random to page 208 in the same book on which a table is presented stating that 62 per cent of the husbands were inexperienced with any woman before they became intimate with (*Continued on page 52*)

You can change your mind . . . .

. . . you can improve and control this machine of yours that thinks if you know how it works. If you know the laws of this mechanism called mind you can direct it intelligently instead of blindly . . .



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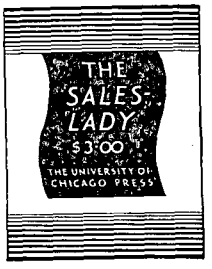

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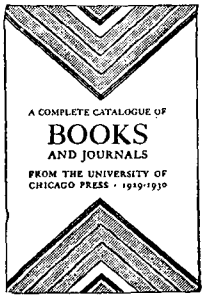

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(*Continued from page* 51) their wives, and that a larger per cent of the wives of this 62 per cent were sexually ungratified than the wives of the more experienced. Now the authors imply that this ignorance accounts for the ineptitude which in turn accounts for the physical dissatisfaction. To the psychiatrist this is all bunk. He would be much more likely to turn the thing around and say that the 62 per cent of the husbands whose inhibitions had prevented them from pre-marital promiscuity had psychological make-ups of a sort which selected wives with inhibitions corresponding to their own, with the result that a considerable number of such wives were never able to dislodge themselves from such inhibitions.

This sort of criticism could be continued indefinitely in regard to specific instances throughout the book and in regard to the attitude of the book as a whole. The authors deserve credit for their courage and their patience in collecting and analyzing these data and in braving the ridicule and criticism which they are sure to invite. Such a study is much more valuable than arm-chair theorizing about marriage. The authors do not attempt to draw sweeping conclusions. Probably much to their own surprise the general outcome of the study indicates that about half of the people they selected to investigate were reasonably happy and the other fifty per cent who were not so happy in the marriage state give considerable evidence in their interviews that they probably would have been no happier had they been married to some one else, or had remained single.

The book should have a wide circulation because it is a good thing for such matters to be ventilated by public discussion. Many individuals will read the book because they want to know what other people think about matters which are not generally discussed with any degree of honesty. They will want to know what other people say in confidence to doctors. As a matter of fact, doctors hear this sort of thing so much that they are apt to forget that people don't tell one another the things they do tell the doctors. It would be a good thing if they did. Dr. Hamilton and Mr. MacGowan have done the public a favor in debunking some of the mysteries of marriage.

KARL A. MENNINGER, M.D.
The Menninger Clinic, Topeka, Kansas

Keeping Up with the Neighbors

ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, *by Harold U. Faulkner. 301 pp. Price $1.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
AMERICAN ECONOMIC HISTORY, *by Walter W. Jennings, Ph.D. Thomas Y. Crowell. 546 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*
ECONOMIC INSTITUTIONS, *by Willard L. Thorp. Macmillan. 306 pp. Price $1.50 postpaid of The Survey.*
THIS ECONOMIC WORLD AND HOW IT MAY BE IMPROVED, *by Thomas Nixon Carver and Hugh W. Lester. A. W. Shaw. 432 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

THE complacency with which Homo Americanus regards the material achievements of his country has become a notorious commonplace. Surveying all about him the "mountains of material things springing in myriads from the machines" he has given himself over unquestioningly to the scramble for the labeled milk and honey of God's own country. Why look before *or* after; today it is good to have all that so many others have—bathtubs and autos and radios and books-of-the-month and even a college degree. Need one pine for what is not when installment buying can bring so much to his door?

One need not, of course; but even America is finding it increasingly hard to live by mechanism alone. It may well be that only the triumph of mechanism could give us that leisure from the press of immediate wants necessary for looking within as well as about. In America the looking carries peculiar excitement. For underneath the ugly fruit which is first blooming in our growth toward civilization lie the roots of as remarkable an epic as any the world has ever seen. Let our artists and critics cry out against the ugliness of movement without direction, body without soul; our economists and historians can in the meanwhile accumulate the materials of a saga some poet one day will sing.

They can accumulate these materials, if they have the will to see true—and whole. The great rewards promised to such insight can be glimpsed even from so summary a little volume as Professor Faulkner's Economic History of the United States. Apparently a distillation of Professor Faulkner's larger work, this book in the pioneering tradition of Turner and Beard constitutes a real contribution to the admirable purposes of the

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World Today Bookshelf. Only a profound knowledge of American economic history could enable anyone to compress within so short a space the whole outline of American development. The tremendous panorama this volume unreels before its readers is a tribute both to Professor Faulkner and the World Today editors.

Professor Jennings recounts another aspect of the same thrilling story. Because he tells it topically, however, it is difficult to absorb the same excitement from his more voluminous pages as from Professor Faulkner's functional account. To break down American development into transportation, agriculture, industry, mining and all the rest, is naturally to forfeit the absorption of a linked, cohesive tale. It has, however, its undoubted uses, too. Professor Jennings' work offers a most valuable arsenal of reference facts on the development and present status of the sources from which our Midas-touch has drawn its gold-transforming qualities. It reveals us for what we are—a nation of stupendous natural resources and continental size, still sparsely populated, with a protected home market, in an era of material harvesting for which untold generations of men the world over have prepared the ground.

Professor Thorp presents Part II in the serial of which Professors Faulkner and Jennings unfold the opening. His Economic Institutions gives a cross-section view of the organization by which modern America satisfies its wants. It constitutes another serviceable addition to the useful series collecting on the World Today Bookshelf, offering its material in the handy format and with the simplicity, succintness and modernity that has thus far characterized all these volumes. Professor Thorp, too, achieves the real goal of the Bookshelf. He gives more than a valuable summary of the facts of agriculture, mining, transportation, industry, money, banking, prices; he suggests something of the wonder and power of the intricate mechanism which has been precipitated out of our past. His chapter reading-lists mix novels and science in an interesting and suggestive series of "follow-ups."

The American serial, of course, flashes its "to be continued" and no observing student of what has so far transpired can forego the joy of speculating on the coming installments. Professor Carver has thus speculated. But it is almost impossible for me, at least, to share the beatific visions with which contemplation of the present scene seems to have inspired him. The rhapsodic flight of his thought to a future of general well-being through spreading stock-ownership, beneficent employers, high wages and advancing mechanism passes over too many realities. It has landed him on the heights where once dwelled both Polyanna and Micawber; his accounts of what he sees from there ring with the determined optimism of the one and the grandiose rosiness of the other.

In this latest book, Professor Carver and his co-author picture the ascent of man from the toilsome, brutal scarcity of primitive life to American abundance where "mountains of material things spring in myriads from the machines." They sketch it in a style of conscious simplicity and popularized special pleading that is indeed far removed from the accents of convincing scholarship. They admit that there is room for improvement even in the economic field to which they limit themselves. But they find no reason apparently for doubting that we are on the way. Let us only apply more doses of the remedies already tried (in America, of course, with all its welcome distance from Bolshevist error and even European radicalism), and all the Smiths in time will be enabled to keep up with all the Joneses. Nor a worried glance toward the rapid saturation of our home market even for automobiles, the social wastes of haphazard production, the spottiness of our prosperity, the insecurity of our workers, the problems of Negro and immigrant, the conflict between company unions and trade unions, the inroads of technology upon the worker's status and working life, the international dangers of a growing imperialism.

Yet America's present holds these things as well as the mountains of machine-made goods. As her material past was a struggle against wilderness and tangible foe, her future will emerge out of an honest grappling with these far more complex and challenging problems. The outlook on such a future may not be as comfortable as Professor Carver's promised Utopia; it is, however, as exciting as America's past.

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A DECADE OF PROHIBITION

(*Continued from page* 10)

was a most dramatic incident in the long warfare. But there were many lesser ones. This earlier interference of government with personal liberty in regard to the liquor traffic is so seldom referred to that I venture to quote here a description by a well known historian:

To aid in meeting the increased charges caused by the assumption of state debts, Congress in 1791 after a savage debate passed an excise law laying, among other things, a tax on spirits distilled from grain—an act especially irritating to farmers of the interior already marshalling under opposition banners. Largely owing to the bad roads, which made it hard for them to carry bulky crops to markets, they had adopted the practice of turning their corn and rye into whiskey—a concentrated product that could be taken to town on horseback over the worst trails and through the deepest mud. So extensive was the practice in the western regions of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina, that nearly every farmer was manufacturing liquor on a small scale; the first of these states alone according to the reckoning had five thousand distilleries. The excise law, therefore, provided in effect that government officers should enter private homes, measure the produce of the stills, and take taxes for it directly from the pockets of the farmers.

As soon as the news of this excise bill reached the interior, an uprising followed—an outbreak of such proportions that Congress, frightened by the extent of popular dissatisfaction, removed the tax from the smallest stills and quieted the farmers of Virginia and North Carolina. In Pennsylvania, however, the resistance stiffened. Some of the distillers in that state positively refused to pay the tax; while rioters sacked and burned the houses of the collectors just as Revolutionists thirty years earlier had vented their wrath upon King George's agents for trying to sell stamps. When at length a United States marshal attempted to arrest certain offenders in the summer of 1794, a revolt known as the Whiskey Rebellion flared up, resulting in wounds and death.

—The Rise of American Civilization, Beard, Vol. 1, 357-8.

The defiance of the internal revenue tax is still carried on in remote mountain fastnesses and in other such hidden places, the two types of bootlegging running concurrently, as it were. The internal revenue service has developed a staff of fine men devoted to their duty, and while it has been most unfortunate that the federal officers charged with the enforcement of the Volstead Act were exempt from civil service examination, it is hoped that the prohibition reorganization act, which became effective April 1st, 1927, giving the commissioners power to reorganize the field forces under classified civil service rules will yet mark the beginning of a more reasonable and effective enforcement.

TO come back to the city of Chicago, it is safe to assume that the actual situation in regard to the police administration in relation to the prohibition alcohol is like that which formerly obtained in Chicago and other large cities in regard to the police in relation to open gambling or the illicit sale of narcotics. This latter situation was not permanently changed, although sharply pulled up by the public opinion resulting from the publication of the vice commission report in which it was stated that the commissioners had full proof that "A criminal conspiracy existed between certain commanding officers and certain gamblers, whereby money had been paid to secure protection for illegal games of chance." And yet we were informed later that 999 arrests and 248 convictions virtually wiped out public gambling in Chicago.

In one month's time, at a cost not exceeding $1,000, the commission's investigators broke up a large part of the sale of cocaine, opium and other drugs, in violation of the law. It was incidentally discovered that one illicit dealer paid $3,000 a year for protection. If such a situation could be changed through an aroused public opinion, certainly the present one, connected with the illicit sale of liquor, can also be changed. To give up now, or even to modify seriously, the 18th Amendment, would be to obtain not even a negative result, and would mean that we never could be clear as to the real effect of national prohibition.

Whatever the final decision one thing I am quite clear about,

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that what the prohibition situation needs, first of all, is disarmament. If this necessitates federal control of the sale of firearms, so much the better; but whatever is necessary for the final results, the federal agents should promptly be taught some other methods than those of gunmen. It is their business to bring lawbreakers into court and not to punish on the spot. That the police of the Irish Free State, established immediately after the evacuation of the English troops, and after Ireland's civil war, could go unarmed in the midst of a population still carrying concealed weapons, encourages me to believe that brave and conscientious men may be found to make arrests without firearms, as the English police have done for so many years. There is an obvious need for a tireless intellectual effort, as well as for a sympathetic interpretation of the situation.

I am setting down these experiences for what empirical value they may have, and the reflections they have evoked, while sometimes disconcerting, are at least genuine.

Out of my own experience I am convinced that our experiment in the United States is being watched all over the world, both by the few people who believe that the governmental prohibition of the indiscriminate use of alcohol marks an upward trend in civilization, and by those who crave for their own country the economic advantages which prohibition entails, believing that the increased speed and mechanization of life, not only in transportation but in our daily living, requires the protection it affords.

Lillian D. Wald and myself were once given an interview with Calles, then the newly elected President of Mexico. He wished to talk only of prohibition—how well was it operating in the United States; what were the difficulties encountered; what were the substitutes which the working wen were finding to give them the joy of life and the relief from deadly monotony which liquor had afforded them for so many generations. He himself had been governor of one of the northern Mexican states which had tried the experiment of prohibition, and felt that dry legislation had added one more to the many advantages which the United States possessed. He believed that with the reforms which the Mexican labor government was then planning, nothing could be more important and useful than the abolition of the use of *pulque,* which would be less needed as an anodyne as the standard of life was raised.

I once held a similar conversation with several members of the government of the Irish Free State in 1926, one of its early years. They too were full of plans for reforms and social experiments. I had been invited to see the great engineering work which would so canalize the River Shannon as to secure enough power to so electrify the industries throughout Ireland that the Irish people, through this distribution of electric power from a central source, could keep to their old village organizations in industry as in other affairs. I had been taken to see the new houses, which were being erected not only in the towns but in the smallest hamlets as well, and was invited to inspect the government efforts to increase the efficiency of the cooperative dairies. But every single member of the Government with whom I had a chance really to converse asked at once, sometimes wistfully, about the working of prohibition in America. How did the Irish-American take it? What difference did it make in the politicians and in their attitude towards life; did the abstainers seem puritanical and insufferable, or were they the same old boys? These officials always closed the conversation with the pious reflection that if they could utilize the full man power of Ireland as they hoped to utilize her full material resources, all would be well.

THAT BLAMED OLD FOOL

(*Continued from page* 23)

Mother ate nothing. Food choked her. Sounds made her jump. Her glasses dimmed constantly. Mother was coddled and put to bed, and the worker left, carrying next her compact that note of Father's—unread.

The following morning, who should virtually dust the referee's desk and open the door but Father!

"Nice morning." (*Continued on page* 56)

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S.G.-10-29

(*Continued from page* 55) "Yes, fine."

"Thought I'd run up to see you. Did you—did you, ah, did Ma get her note?"

"Yes, I took it to her yesterday afternoon."

Furtive glances, uneasy shifting of gloves and hat.

"Did she—was she, ah—I mean did Ma take it hard?"

"Take it hard? Heavens, no! She seemed—well—I don't want to hurt your feelings, Father, but she seemed kind of relieved. She laughed."

"Laughed? Now ain't that just like a woman?"

The question remained unanswered.

"Well, I guess I'll be goin'. I was just thinkin' about Ma gettin' her groceries. She can't carry anything—never could since Davey was a baby. I wonder—and the furnace—do you think, Miss, I'd better go home and do the chores?"

"Oh no, that isn't possible. Besides you would nullify your petition. Anyway, your neighbor, (the widower in the second house) handsome man, isn't he? Well, he came right over and offered his services—fixed the furnace while I was there. Mother's all right. Don't worry a minute about her."

"By gum!" In Pa's emotional moments he was always blasphemous.

"Well, I guess I'll be goin'. One more question, Miss. Suppose a person changes his mind, can he go back without gettin' the court's permission?"

"Oh no, it's always necessary to have a hearing first. Then of course—"

"Yes, yes, I see."

"Oh, by the way, Father, you didn't tell me the name of your second wife to be."

Hesitation. Then, jerking the words out, "Goldie Bishop."

"Goldie Bishop!" This was too good! Goldie's record already reposed in our juvenile court-files.

"I'm going out to see Mother this afternoon. Naturally, she will be a little bit lonely at first."

A twitching of the muscles, and a tendency to weep.

"Of course, as charming a woman as your wife won't be lonely long." The social worker giggled, and Pa walked out, hating her.

That afternoon Ma was waiting. Had even baked apple cake for tea. She was told about Pa's visit—the widower—the coal furnace—and suddenly, what did Mother do? She laughed—with the tears streaming down her cheeks. "O, that blamed old fool—that blamed old fool," the last spoken like a caress.

It was only a matter of routine to send an officer for Goldie, who was furious, hating our detention home and complaining of its lack of refinements and service. We proceeded to forget Goldie, temporarily. Occasionally one must forget the Goldies of the world and remember women like Mother.

The day set for the hearing arrived. Pa came first, rather shamefaced, fussing over his galoshes and muffler, clearing his throat often and loud. Assuring him of our interest in his future, we outlined briefly our knowledge of Goldie, our former ward, asking him to read her record so that he could protect her from similar temptations after their marriage. He adjusted his glasses tremblingly, read slowly, following each line with his highly-polished finger, (for Goldie had seen to that). When he had finished the last paragraph of this startling record, he made a queer kind of groan, for disillusionment is always tragic.

Then the attorney bustled in, swinging an empty brief case, alert and keenly interested. Even he seemed shocked by the appearance of the plaintiff. "Self-serve" meals, movies every night, no sleep until ten, had made Father look rather sick and dejected. This time he really needed his cane.

Mother, flushed and unhappy, was sitting in an adjoining room awaiting her call.

In physical form our blond angel remained in the detention room, cracking her gum and reading "True Stories." In history-record form she lay on the referee's desk, a mute denial, in this case, of the sophistication of men and the innocence of women.

We began our case. We explained to the plaintiff that it was customary to hold a hearing in the referee's office to consider all evidence in the case, and also to summon the defendant to hear same.

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At this point Father looked rather wild-eyed, and interrupted peevishly, "Miss, I told you not to let Mother come. Court's no place for her. It's bad enough for me—a man of sixty-five. (Note the chronological improvement). "I wish I'd never set foot in that barber shop. Always did cut my own nails anyway. Oh, I wish I was dead, I do, Miss, I do."

And then Mother walked in, dressed in black with lace at her throat and wrists, her cheeks pink, outwardly serene, but with a rather ominous look in her eye. Some way, some time, Father would pay for this lapse.

After her entrance her life partner sat motionless, eyes on his own straying feet. Silence, electrifying to us spectators, but terrifying to Pa. Mother took a chair on the opposite side of the table. Physically only three feet of distance separated these two, but mentally fifty years kept them apart, a conflict between Pa's adolescent urge and Ma's maternal tolerance. Mother's eyes sought mine, rather helplessly.

Then we began, in true formal fashion, to interrogate Father. He answered so quaveringly that we strained to hear his words. When we asked him the leading question, usually so relished by the plaintiff, "What have you to say against this woman, your wife?" he seemed unable to utter a sound. His head dropped forward, he turned white, the muscles of his face twitched, his cane banged to the floor. For once a plaintiff was speechless.

Before we had time to think, Mother rushed from her chair to his, holding his head in her hands, and crying out, "Pa, Pa, are you sick? Answer me, Pa, are you sick? Pa—you're bilious again!" The long service of years had asserted itself.

At that instant the court decided that Pa had not yet suffered enough. (So much for the sex-antagonism of old-maid social workers.) He had enjoyed an eight-day vacation from Mother, without the inconvenience of leaving town, and almost providentially an honest-to-God bilious attack had gripped him at the psychological moment. Too, Ma seemed on the verge of forgiveness. Yes, Pa had had it entirely, entirely too easy.

So we summoned Goldie to the court-room. Blond, very young, eyes challenging and very blue, no spring crocus could have looked lovelier. But in reality Goldie was a thirty-minute egg (bragged about it, too.) Sophisticated, with fingers that caressed and reached out almost simultaneously. An orphan, living in a sordid home with foster parents, making no distinction between affection and passion. Going on her way, satisfied if life gave her men to supply fragrant bath salts, slinky underthings, and occasionally an imitation fur coat. A synthetic little soul.

Goldie flounced down beside Father with a "to-hell" attitude, crossing her slender legs expressively, and looking us over with the interest of a first-nighter. Pa, smarting under the humiliation of that court record of promiscuity, kept his eyes glued to the floor.

Then Goldie caught sight of Mother. Jaws arrested, she forgot to chew. Mother smiled right back into the girl's eyes. "You see, my dear," she said, "Pa is too old for you. Some young man your own age will come along and make you happy. You know, Pa's a real care sometimes—with his rheumatism and asthma in winter, and always bein' afraid of a sunstroke in summer—he's real troublesome." Mother reached out and patted Goldie on her beautifully kept hand.

And the thing that happened astonished even social workers, accustomed to queer human reactions. Our little delinquent rushed around the table and was gathered into Mother's lap, expansively, lovingly. She lay there crying hysterically, all her bravado gone. A lonely sick child wanting a mother. And Pa—into his eyes shone the worship a woman is lucky to glimpse once in a lifetime.

But all this emotion began to tell on Ma. Eight days of loneliness and worry had left her tired. With a touch of finality she got up, kissed the little girl's cheeks, all streaked with rouge and tears, shook hands with the attorney, and walked over to where Pa stood, trembling and inadequate. After all, he wasn't so young as he used to be. Resting her hand on his arm as confidently as the day they walked to the altar forty-nine years ago, she leaned across the table, eyes shining, tears close by, and whispered, "After all, Miss Christie, one slip in forty-nine years ain't bad."

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THE LIGHT OF EDISON'S LAMP

(*Continued from page 16*)

industrial society is symbolized by each glowing domestic bulb. It is a curious fact that the amount of money spent by the average householder for light in the last century has remained fairly constant at about $20 annually, even allowing for the depreciation of the dollar. Luckeish has estimated that in 1800, $20 bought three hours of candle light each night for a year. By 1900 it bought five hours, but the light was equivalent to that of 154 candles. To provide light for his home the average American unskilled laborer works less than ten minutes a day. Take away his electric lights and he would be compelled to work twenty-four hours a day to provide tallow candles of equal power, an estimate based on an earning capacity of seventy cents an hour. The electric equivalent of 154 candles for five hours each night at less than the cost of an ice cream soda! What duke burned 154 candles a century ago?

EDISON himself would be the first to disclaim undue credit for an economic and social result so extraordinary. The lamp of today bears only an external resemblance to his lamp of 1879. It was research—organized, industrial research that led to the development of the modern lamp and to the cheapening of artificial light. Edison ceased to interest himself in the lamp during the late nineties, and it was not until the scientist entered the lamp factory that forward strides were made. The truth is that Edison developed the carbon lamp as far as it could be developed by his purely empirical methods. He tested metal filaments, and gave them up because in his hands they yielded poorer results than fragile carbon. He filled bulbs with nitrogen, a flash of genius having told him that bulb-blackening might thus be prevented, and abandoned that procedure after having spent over $100,000 in vain experimenting. Yet the filaments of today are of metal (tungsten), and a goodly proportion of the bulbs are filled with nitrogen or argon. Organized science succeeded where Edison fell short.

Every inventor is of necessity a researcher, and Edison is probably the greatest of the purely empirical type that ever lived. But the problems of the lamp could be solved only with the combined aid of the physicist, the chemist and the metallurgist. Hence the necessity of organized research clearly recognized by the lamp manufacturers who eventually threw in their lot with the General Electric Company. Not the least important social and economic effect of Edison's invention may therefore be the deeper and wider recognition that the day of the lone, heroic inventor is over and that discoveries of industrial consequence are more likely to be made in the corporation or government laboratory by team workers than by the lone genius slaving in his garret.

Out of this organized scientific research, conducted in magnificently equipped industrial laboratories, came a multitude of scientific applications of light. Lamps so small have been developed for diagnosis that they can be swallowed or even thrust into the nostrils. The laryngoscope has become a more powerful instrument in the treatment of diseased mucous membranes. Only old-fashioned dentists are now without glass rods at the ends of which are fitted electric lamps scarcely larger than raindrops—lamps with which the mouth is explored and teeth are examined with a thoroughness undreamed of when the gas flame was in its prime. Edison unwittingly played his part in making artificial light a therapeutic agent. No sanitarium is without its battery of healing lights. We sit beneath a ruddy glow when long heat waves are prescribed, or beneath ultra-violet radiation when germicidal effects are wanted.

It would be too much to credit Edison with having brought about the now widespread use of X-rays in medicine and surgery, and yet, without the means of generating energy to illuminate his incandescent lamps it may be doubted if the X-rays would now be employed in anything but the most superficial diagnostic and therapeutic fashion. The X-ray tube of today, through which 300,000 volts can be passed with the result that the deepest organs can be photographed and subjected to treatment that lasts more than an hour, is certainly an outcome of research conducted by Edison's scientific successors. That never-ending quest of the perfect filament led Coolidge of the General Electric Laboratories to conduct an inquiry which has become one of the classics of latterday science. High temperature is still inseparable from light. White-hot iron blazes more fiercely than red-hot iron. What metal will stand the highest heat and therefore give the brightest glow in a vacuum? Tungsten, science answered long ago. But tungsten is brittle. A wire of it in the ordinary state is scarcely more durable than the proverbial rope of sand. Commanding twenty assistants, Coolidge determined to alter the state—a task which scientists at the beginning of the century declared was as absurdly impossible of fulfilment as "the subdivision of the electric light" was supposed to be fifty years ago. Coolidge melted the molecules of tungsten together by a swaging method of his own. And the result? A thread tougher and stronger than piano wire, although it can be finer than a human hair—something that can be hammered like copper or iron and drawn through diamond dies. Out of this epoch-making discovery came the modern X-ray tube with its target of tungsten against which high-speed electrons impinge, driven by hundreds of thousands of volts. X-rays glance from the target. They are so powerful that the physician must sometimes armor his body in lead and always station himself behind a screen of lead-glass and watch his patient at a safe distance of twenty feet. Cancer is still the deadliest of human diseases; yet it sometimes falters before X-ray bombardment with a Coolidge tube. What advance has thus been made might conceivably have been achieved without the tungsten X-ray tube but not without the terrific energy that Edison was the first to generate in abundance.

The success of the first incandescent lamp was bound to stimulate research which would reveal new sources of light. Current was passed through gases in tubes. They were "ionized" in scientific parlance, meaning that they were electrified so that they flared like auroral gleams in the arctic sky. Next the current was passed through mercury vapor. The tube glowed hideously. Veins stood out on the green hand and face like purple rivers. Beneath that uncanny glow human beings became ghastly living corpses. But the glow was rich in ultra-violet rays. Then began a long series of investigations which led to new medical triumphs. Vitamins and ultra-violet radiation were found to be interdependent. Rickets, as prevalent on Park Avenue as in Hester Street, is the indirect consequence of a lack of ultra-violet rays. Twenty years hence, perhaps sooner, rickets will be classed with typhoid as one of the definitely preventable diseases—a problem for the community and not for the individual family. Even now food is exposed to ultra-violet radiation so that its vitamin content may be enriched. Cod-liver oil may be relegated to a nauseating past. Children need merely its vitamins, and ultra-violet rays can impart them to ordinary foods. Again Edison deserves no direct credit, and yet he gave us the energy without which the relation of ultra-violet rays of life might not have been discovered in our day.

OUT of abundant electric energy came also the trolley-car and electric cross-country transportation. To be sure inventors had driven cars electrically while Edison was still selling newspapers on trains in Michigan—puny vehicles which were driven by what are called electromagnetic engines deriving their power from batteries. A Niagara of energy was needed—not a mere trickle if millions were to be transported twice a day to and from their homes. In the thousands of years which elapsed between the settling of the valley of the Euphrates and the election of Grant to the presidency men traveled in cities chiefly by animal power. Edison had a direct hand in bringing about the transformation of urban transportation. Even while he was experimenting with his lamp he built a small road near his laboratory in Menlo Park and proved the feasibility of operating a train electrically. Then followed the Pearl Street power house. The central station gave electric traction its great impetus. Frank Sprague, an aggressive naval officer, was the first of the new generation of engineers to feel it. Despite the necessity of sweeping icicles from the overhead wire with a broom and of occasionally invoking the aid of four long-eared mules to haul a crippled car back to the barn, Sprague managed to establish the first trolley system in Richmond, Virginia, in 1888. Now some 80,000 electrically propelled passenger cars carry

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seventeen times as many people as the steam railways each year.

From street railways to trunk lines is but a step. Had the railroads been managed more sanely, had more attention been paid to engineering improvements than to the stock market, steam locomotives would probably now be obsolescent, if not relics of the past. When the Pearl Street station began to shoot energy through downtown New York and hundreds of similar stations throughout the country followed its example the handwriting on the wall was legible enough. Fifty years ago engineers could not have predicted that on such and such a day steam could be economically abolished. For one thing, the steam engine on which we must always be dependent for electric energy despite our abundant water power, was still wasteful. When the steam-turbine was invented, which made the central station so efficient that current could be generated in a good city station as cheaply as by any Rocky Mountain waterfall, technical prediction became possible.

Then came the war and with it interconnection of central stations—the possibility of creating a vast, nation-wide pool of energy which could be tapped by a farm house or a city factory. Only the other day Boston lights gleamed with current sent from Chicago. Long after Edison designed his Pearl Street power station steam was used individualistically. At last the use of energy is becoming collectivistic. Instead of generating it in 250,000 separate factory steam engines we are beginning to draw it from over-head wires. In the lifetime of this generation we shall pass into an era in which comparatively few central stations, erected at the coal mine, will flash energy over whole groups of states. Already 4,000 towns and hamlets in the Middle West thus tap an invisible pool, and as many as fifteen states are electrically interconnected.

THE old transportation system is doomed. It was built on coal-burning locomotives which are still with us. Here we are in this alleged twentieth century, this supposedly electrical age, hauling ourselves and our goods with the aid of 63,000 steam locomotives, 63,000 self-supporting plants on wheels, often crippled by cold, tied up for hours to the coal-bunker the water tank, the roundhouse, the ashpit and the repair shop, so that only eight hours of the twenty-four in a day are spent in useful work; 63,000 technical anachronisms, wasteful in man-power, especially in mountain regions, consuming in so-called "stand-by losses" fully one-third of the coal that they burn, and incurably inefficient because of the limitations of track-guages, wheel-bases, and axle weights. Add to all this the fact that not only does coal constitute one-third of the present freight-load of the railroads, but that they themselves consume about one-third of the coal annually mined—and this so wretchedly that they waste all but fifteen per cent of the energy in each black lump of it—and it becomes evident that only over-capitalization has stood in the way of electrification for the last fifteen years. The pooling of power must inevitably result in the abolition of this grotesqueness. Even during the high-cost year of 1919 the electric locomotives of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, weighing nearly 300 tons and traveling some 60,000 miles in a year, were maintained at less than one-third the cost of heavy Mallet steam-engines of equal power.

The railroads of the future will haul more freight with one electric locomotive than they now haul with two steam engines, with the result that the annual agricultural clamor for cars will no longer be heard at harvesting time, and farm produce will not so often rot away while cities pay exhorbitant prices for foodstuffs. An electric locomotive will easily run from New York to Boston and back in a day, a total distance of more than 450 miles, and the passenger and income-producing freight tonnage of the country will be hauled with a consumption of coal in the central stations not more than one-third as great as that now required. These are not mere dreams. Frank Baum, W. S. Murray and other electrical engineers have made technical and economic studies that show what is attainable even now. With the steam-locomotive the individualistically operated factory engine will disappear and the technical structure of our civilization will be radically transformed.

The steam-engine is the symbol of the paleotechnic nineteenth century; the electric motor is destined to be the symbol of the neotechnic twentieth century. And that, rather than the invention of the electric incandescent lamp, is the most startling outcome of Edison's prolific experimenting.

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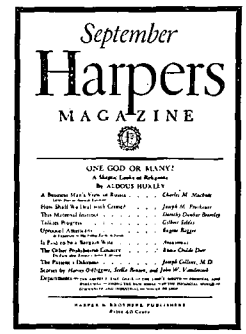

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NEW CAPTAINS AND OLD DREAMS

(*Continued from page* 35)

lic utility operators, and by the guardians of other special interests, are called "radicals"!

It is true that the social scientists disagree with each other over their theories and definitions and principles and such "laws" as may be tentatively discussed. But such conflicts of opinion are inevitable in intelligent analysis of any forces in a world composed of, and bounded by, the unknown. I have sought to learn from Michelson something of his agreement and disagreement with Einstein; and developed a headache as the principal proof of cerebration. But though Einstein question Newton and Michelson question Einstein, do we reject them all or, if we need to know the speed of light, are we apt to rely upon Michelson's latest measurement?

It is probable that if an epidemic of menacing proportions should begin the destruction of thousands of lives in Chicago, some of my old friends in the medical faculties and research laboratories would be asked to aid a polities-cursed health department; and for a time several million people would take orders from obscure Dr. Alpha and humble Professor Omega. But when (even now, as I am writing) crime and corruption have destroyed the security of life and property and rotted the moral fibre of the community, there is no loud demand that men like Merriam and women like Jane Addams analyze this social disease and prescribe a remedy. Instead, a civic committee is formed of the business executives, bankers and lawyers whose short-sighted methods of making money, whose self-interested uses of public power for private profit, have created and maintained the political system which they are now assembled to reform.

My thoughts go back to a solemn farce enacted by the Public Utilities Commission after the close of the war. In order to determine to what extent larger earnings should be allowed to the public utilities, because of prevailing high interest rates, an impressive group of bankers had been summoned before the commission. One by one they testified that higher rates were necessary, that money could not be obtained except at higher rates.

Then, being given the privilege of making a statement as an official representative of the City Council (the Bill Thompson-Samuel Insull administration being discreetly silent) I suggested that, since the profits of bankers came out of lending money, it might be well to call in a few less biased witnesses. Undoubtedly these men knew what they were talking about; but it was strange that the rates they paid for savings deposits had not been advanced from the long standing three per cent., in view of their testimony that money could not be obtained for even safe investment for less than eight or nine per cent. It was my thought that perhaps professors of political economy, authorities on finance in the universities, might be called to testify as to whether public policy should encourage higher or lower interest rates. Again, I suggested, that labor leaders might be brought in to testify concerning wages and cost of living and unemployment; that social workers might also advise whether the low-income groups could afford to pay increased charges for public service out of current wages.

Members of the commission displayed considerable interest in these remarks Newspaper men demanded complete copies of my prepared statement and assured me it was "hot stuff." Then the descendant of Paul Revere's companion galloped into the scene to warn the country that the red-coats were on the march again. General Dawes hurried over from his bank and read the riot act to the tremulous guardians of public interests. And as he roared his admonitions and lashed all mischievous politicians who tried to interfere with the divinely ordained exploitation of the foolish many by the wise few, a friendly reporter slipped over to me and whispered: "There goes your story. This Dawes stuff will take all the space and kill the other. That's what it's for." So it happened that no further evidence was received and the commission was able to raise rates without the impediment of any impartial, scientific testimony whatsoever in the record.

No community is so stupid that it would select a merchant, banker, clergyman, or plasterer—a butcher, baker or candlestick-maker—and authorize him to go into the community power-house and push buttons and throw switches according to his "common sense," or according to the "divine revelation" of a book on light and heat written a thousand years before the discovery of electricity. If anyone of these persons, not having even a rudimentary knowledge of electrical phenomena or machinery, should proclaim to an ordinarily dull audience that he could operate the power-house more efficiently than the engineer in charge, he would probably be laughed at. In an alert community he might even be put under observation in a psychopathic hospital. As men come to realize more and more the individual and social danger that lies in permitting the ignorant to meddle with scientific problems, they must come to rely more and more upon scientific advice and to insist more and more vehemently upon receiving the advice of incorruptible searchers for truth—and upon declining the advice either of the untrained, or of the dishonorable who sell their scientific training in the service of dull-minded greed.

The men who know must run the show. Already we recognize that the physical mechanisms of the modern world must be constructed and operated by men who know how to construct and operate them. To some extent even the decisions as to where, how and when to utilize these physical mechanisms are being made by men of special competence. And so in every field of industrial, political or social activity, there is developing a managing class which stands between money and muscle. This managing class of scientifically trained workers is largely the product of a smaller class of pure scientists who have instructed them and whose authority they respect. Many of the scientifically trained money-makers enjoy playing the game more than making money. Some are men of real intelligence. Together with the master scientists they are capable of creating, and inevitably must create, new social ideas. To protect the interests of their class they must create a moral code that will have behind it the substantial authority that underlies any generally accepted moral code, the authority of a group that possesses the knowledge upon which men without knowledge, but needing guidance, must rely; and that has the vision upon which men without vision, but needing inspiration, must rely. This moral code must contain the principle of *noblesse oblige*—that forbids men really inspired by noble purposes to descend to ignoble means. (*Continued on page* 64)

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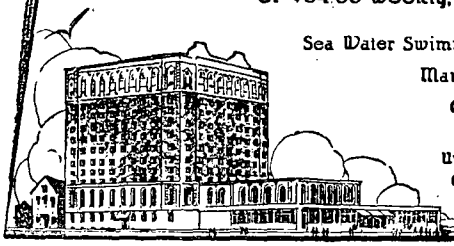

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NEW CAPTAINS AND OLD DREAMS

(*Continued from page* 61)

In ancient days, thinking men were apt to be mystical. Out of much thinking and few facts they produced moral codes and articles of faith. They postulated a crude and cruel human life in a "vale of tears" as the prelude to a better life Beyond. Unable to justify for its own sake, they placed it in the Great Scheme of Things as a preliminary stage, the travail out of which would be born super-life. They fortified their dreams with claims of supernatural powers, divine revelations. They told the children of the world fairy stories to make them good.

The world has dreamed these dreams and been content—until the awakening dawn of science has revealed gorgeous and terrifying realities, to those who are a little intelligent.

The old dreams retain some of their beauty and power, but these stupendous realities demand also reverent understanding. The real airplane stimulates thought more than the unreal magic carpet. The real radio, translating the invisible and inaudible something in the air round us into the music of an orchestra playing a thousand miles away, is more inspiring than "angel voices" that are never heard. The accents of men long dead sound in our ears and they walk before us through the sunshine and shadows of bygone days. More complete resurrection become conceivable. The old mysteries of the unknown recede and new mysteries beckon, as brave and eager spirits dare death and challenge doubt—and reveal, destroy and utilize the mighty powers of matter invisible to the naked eye. Here is the search for ultimate authority, for the meaning and purpose of life, for the Will of God, beside which the speculations and hallucinations of the devout and learned of ancient days seem like the futile gropings of a baby in its cradle.

Out of this ever-inviting, never-ending research of scientific minds, are coming the fundamental articles of a vital faith—a faith in the divinity of life, a faith in a spiritual product of living, to obtain which all the material products have value only as means to an immaterial end. Out of revealed facts, out of the discovery of natural laws that mankind can neither make nor break, are now being written the first chapters of a Guide to Happiness in which we may put our trust. This does not mean that there is no need for pure faith; no need for reassuring visions of what lies beyond the known. There is a need, deep in the human heart, of everlasting hope, of consolation in whatever sorrow, and of compensation for whatever pain. But as intelligent men seek an authority they can respect, unchanging inevitable, irresistible, so they seek also a faith they can respect. They must project their imaginations into a world that may come to pass, into a world that *would* be better world.

Whatever comfort men who think may seek to find in the developments of this century, with the biggest, most insane war in history, with its shocking exhibitions of the irresponsibility and incompetence of its social leadership (before and during and since the war), must lie in the reasonable hope that these leaders will soon pass on and that their successors may come from that group which thus far in the world's history has shown consistently the greatest capacity to understand and to fulfill the responsibilities of leadership. This is the group of those who have a hunger for knowledge and truth.

This group has steadily increased the authority of brains, despite the abuse and ridicule of authoritative muscle and fat. It has steadily diminished the power of force and fraud to rule, by steadily increasing its own power to serve. It has remade and enlarged the world with every generation, although muscle and fat have taken most of the credit for the job. The persistent growth of the numbers and the authority of this group is the most inspiring phenomenon of human existence; and if today we were on the verge of the transfer of social leadership by common consent to this group, we might reasonably believe that we were on the verge of a spiritual development as marvelous as the material development of the world in the last hundred years.

Probably we are not on the verge of any such transfer of leadership. It would seem too sudden and too great a growth in the mental statute and social efficiency of man; whereas evolution is a slow and gradual process. Yet we may reasonably believe that in a few decades, or centuries, or in a few thousand years, there will be a world wherein the authority of members of the governing class will rest upon their knowledge and use of natural laws in framing social regulations that cannot be profitably evaded, or modified, or held unconstitutional; and which will be enforced in the same manner against all persons and at all times. We may feel that we are living on the threshold of such a world; and we may reasonably hope that if we knock, the door will be opened unto us; although an aeon may pass before those who see what lies beyond will be able to lead mankind across the threshold.

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